

**CALVIN'S**  
•  
*Institutes  
of  
the  
Christian  
Religion*  
VOL. 1

**CALVIN'S**  
•  
*Institutes  
of  
the  
Christian  
Religion*  
VOL. 2

the  
**BIBLE**





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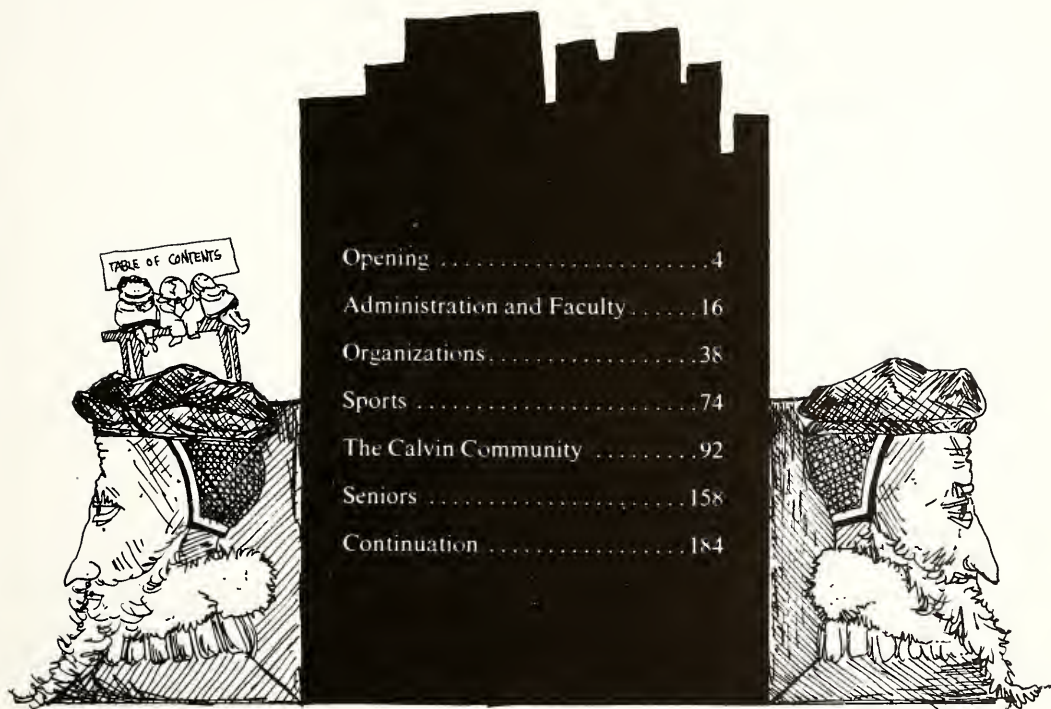
**Calvin College**

**Grand Rapids, Michigan**



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In the beginning,  
God willing and helping,  
the Christian Reformed Church  
created a school for ministers.





Professor F. M. Ten Hoer instructs his 1910 seminary class.



The school,  
known as  
Calvin College and Seminary,  
grew



By 1956 it had become apparent that the college could expand no farther on its Franklin Street campus.

and grew



Students cross the lawn in front of the Knollcrest Commons.



The Hiemenga Hall addition, when completed, will contain the campus Audio-Visual Department and classrooms

and is still growing,  
in size  
and numbers.



Students escape from the Fine Arts Center after classes.





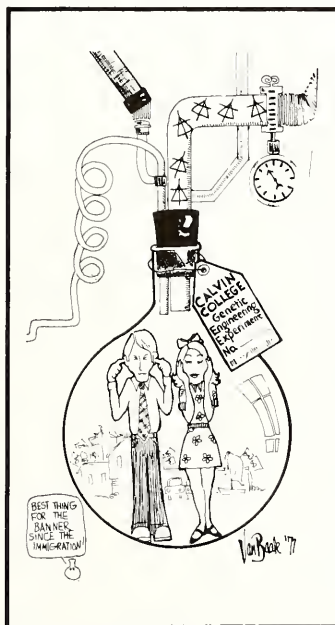
The Calvin community welcomes students  
from different religious and cultural backgrounds  
yet endeavors to keep alive  
its Reformed faith and Dutch heritage.



Students pray during Convocation.



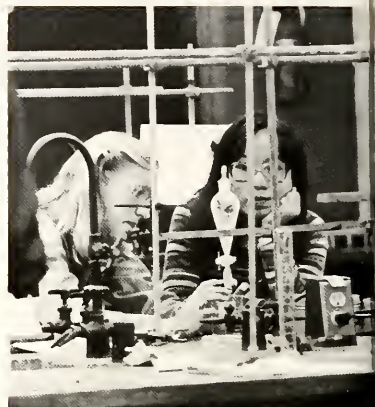
The food may be American, but the conversation is in Vietnamese.



A *Chimes* artist comments on the insularity of the Christian Reformed community.



The discussion continues  
of how a Christian liberal arts education  
should prepare a student  
to serve the Lord  
and the community.



Chemistry students observe a reaction in a chemistry lab.



Calvin students work together or singly on their homework in the library.

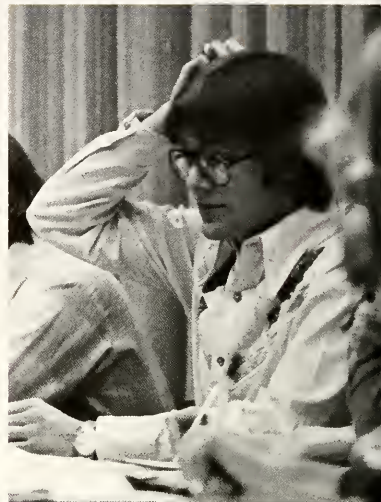


Chris Overvoorde, Associate Professor of Art, instructs his figure-drawing class.



Kitty Flaherty, a volunteer in the KIDS program, tutors Aaron Milton.

Calvin College is, in many ways,  
an indefinable and changing thing,  
composed of many people,  
a beautiful campus,  
concerned alumni,  
firm convictions,  
perplexing problems.  
The questions of who we are  
and where we are going  
remain to be answered.



Jim Pluymert, Student Body President, is stumped during a Senate meeting.



Philosopher Richard Mouw looks for grounds or grains of wisdom in the bottom of his cup.





The College Center is viewed through the sculpture of Robert Jensen, Associate Professor of Art.



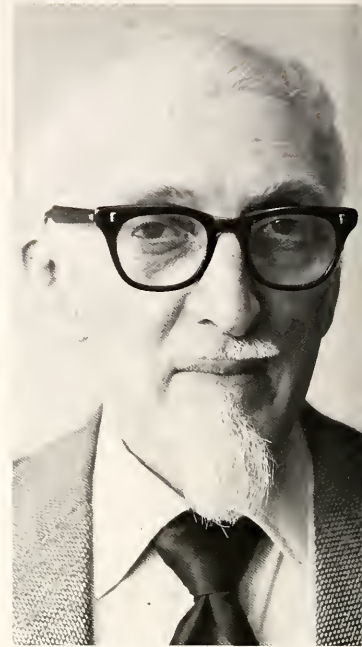




## Administration and Faculty



Anthony J. Diekema, President of the College



Charles Miller, Assistant Dean for Academic Affairs, Director of Graduate Studies



President Diekema and other administrators perform a skit at Freshman Talent Night.

# Administration leads the way

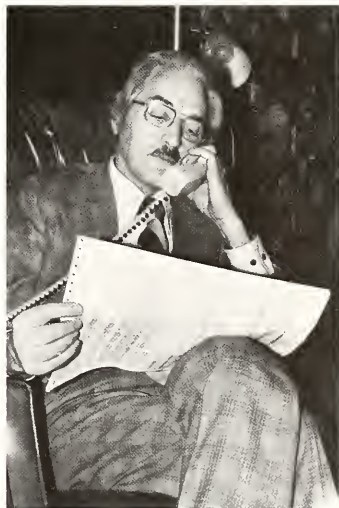


John Vanden Berg, Vice President for Academic Affairs, Dean of the College



Marvin Monsma, Director of the Library

A sense of direction is a goal which many institutions desire but few attain. Colleges are no exception to this rule. The prominent groups within a college are too often caught up in their own affairs to worry about such broadly nebulous virtues as a sense of direction. Students, with their typically parochial attitudes, may find it difficult to look beyond the next paper or the next blue book. Love affairs and job opportunities might be as close as they can come to larger issues. Similarly, the faculty must prepare lectures, mark papers, grade blue books and keep up with new developments in their discipline. They might not always have a broad enough perspective to see beyond the academic. Administrators are heavily involved with the unglamorous but necessary task of keeping a college in operation.



Ernest Van Vugt, Registrar



Yet at Calvin College, the administration is the element best suited to instill this sense of direction. They alone have to listen to alumni and parental complaints about the education their children are receiving. They alone have to listen to faculty complaints about overcrowded classes and lax admission standards. They alone have to listen to irate student complaints about graduation requirements and a stringent disciplinary code. They provide the linking point between the disparate elements of the Calvin community and are able to see the place of this community in the world around. So, one must now ask some difficult questions. What sort of direction is the administration providing? What stabilizing influence does the administration bring to Calvin College?

Such questions are difficult to answer. The administration does bring a profound internal leadership to Calvin College. Even though students do not always take advantage of the opportunity, the doors of administration offices are always open to anyone who takes the time to make an appointment. Administrators are always willing and able to help with matters as varied as personal finances, graduate school applications, registration problems, academic difficulties, poor studying habits, the problems of minority students, and even a sense of disorientation. The faculty is encouraged to take periodic sabbaticals; faculty suggestions are always heard. The college itself is run very efficiently. One need only look at the generally snag-free registration procedures to realize that. A profound sense of personal dedication pervades the administrative hierarchy.



Peter Vande Guchte, Vice President for College Advancement



Wayne Hubers, Director of Scholarships and Financial Aid



Thomas J. Ozinga, Director of College Relations, escorts Gerald Ford.



Donald Distelberg, Director of Annual Giving



Donald Lautenbach, Director of Admissions



Peter M. Harkema, Admissions Development Director

James Hoekenga, Executive Director of Alumni Relations

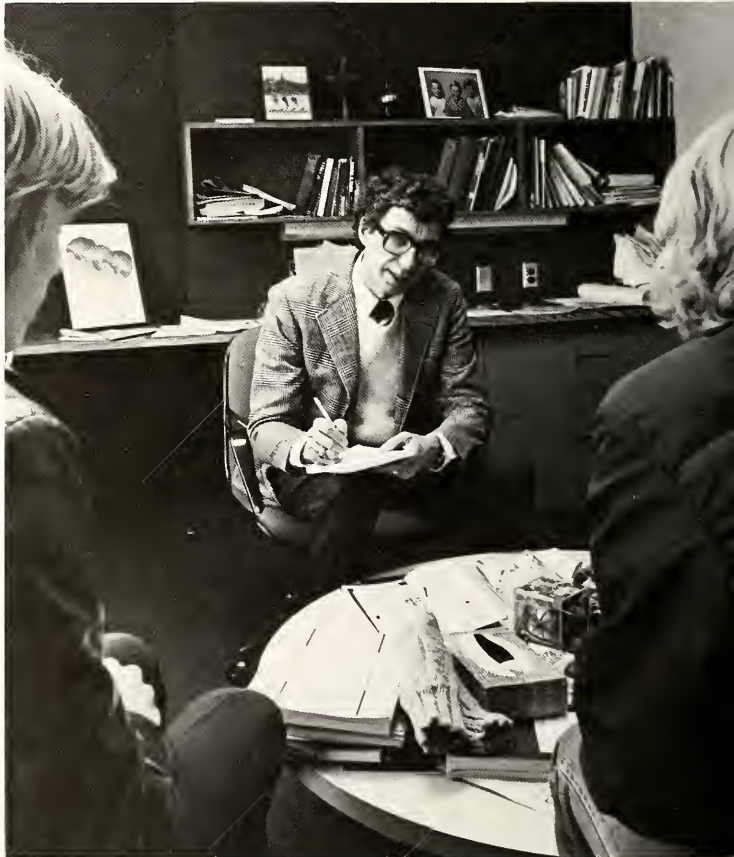




Judy Mullins, Dean of Women



Lester Ippel, Controller, and Henry De Wit, Vice President for Business and Finance



Donald Boender, Dean of Men



William K. Stob, Dean of Student Life

Yet, even though the administration is very responsive to the internal needs of the college, one wonders what external leadership it provides. After all, Calvin College must ultimately look outward, not inward. Calvin College is a Christian institution which exists in the world so that it can witness to that world. Surely, this witness is more than simply sending out academically trained graduates. Why have so many other Christians never even heard of Calvin College? Why does the newly instituted Five Year Plan proposed by President Diekema, which delineates Calvin policy for the next five years, seem concerned mostly with drawing students to Calvin? How has Calvin College, *as an institution*, come to grips with its task to witness to politics, to farming, to economic policy?

God works not only through individuals but also through groups and institutions. Calvin College, like other Christian institutions, must struggle to see that its witness is carried out through the institution as well as through the individual. The administrators who more than anyone else are aware of Calvin's status as an institution are best suited to see that Calvin fulfills this mandate.



Bernard K. Pekelder, Vice President for Student Affairs, College Chaplain



Larry Teitsma, Director and Counselor in the Broene Center



## The Broene Center wants to serve you!

Ironically enough, the Broene Center suffers from an identity problem. Even though the Center is down the hall from the Business Office, many students, when asked, cannot say where it is located or what it does. In order for the Center to serve the student body better, students must know how to make use of its facilities.

The Broene Center offers the student personal and career counseling by a qualified staff: Joan Laarman, George Zuiderveen, and Larry Teitsma, the director. Facilitating the growth of the total person is their purpose and in achieving that purpose they work with the personal, emotional, and developmental problems of students.

Furthermore, seminars and workshops are held periodically to deal with a variety of topics which include among other things, marriage preparation, the Christian self-image, procrastination, and test anxiety. Another service of the center is an up-to-date resource center with files containing information on over four hundred career possibilities. In sum, the Broene Center aims to serve not only those who face problems and decisions but anyone who wishes to enrich his life.

The Academic Success Program Office is also located in the Broene Center. This program, directed by Kathryn Blok, focuses on the person as a student, with a central purpose of providing basic college-level reading and study skills. Many of the students who use the services of the Academic Success Program are on academic probation; however, the services are not limited to them alone. Anyone who seeks to improve academically is welcome to use the resources available, which include help with reading skills, special classes in English and mathematics and tutoring by peers in most basic courses.

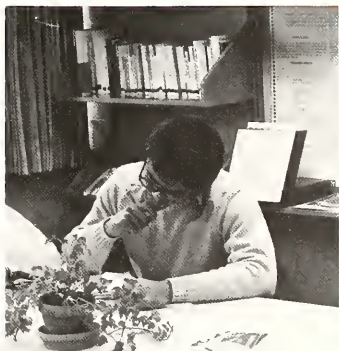


George Zuiderveen assists a student with a problem.

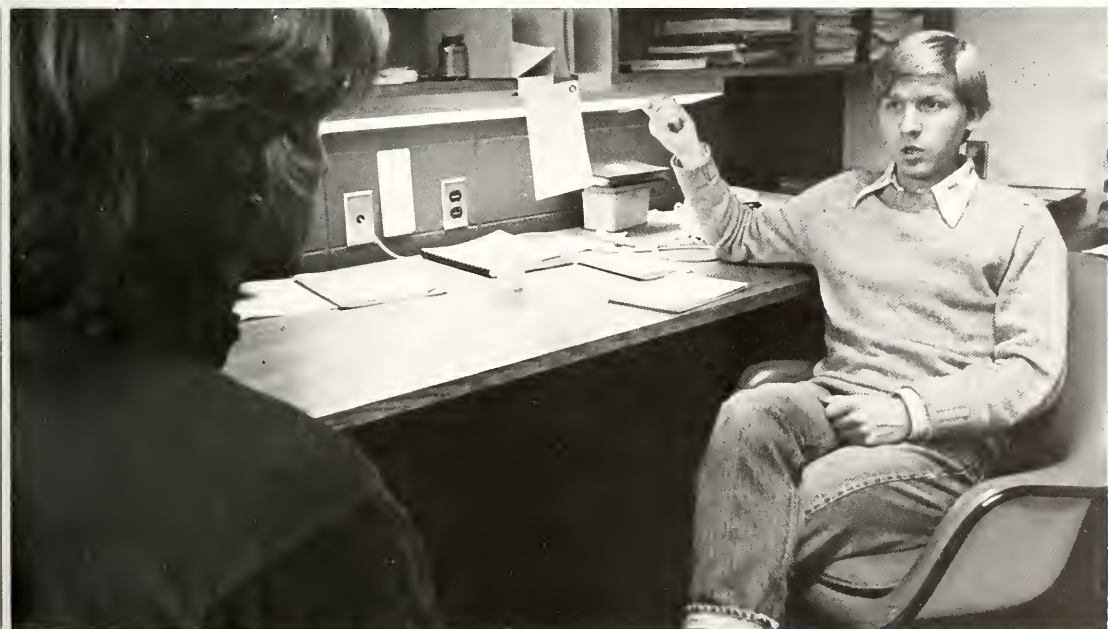




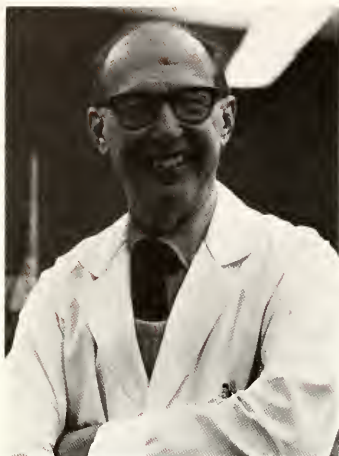
Broene Center counselors check over the appointment book.



A student makes use of the materials in the Center.



John Vanden Bos counsels a student in the Academic Success Program Office, which is located in the Broene Center



Professor Thedford Dirkse listens for falling glass in his Chemistry 201 lab.

## The pursuit of knowledge: pedantic or practical?

Clearly, one should not attempt to answer a question without establishing first that the question is important. Similarly, one can hardly embark blithely on the task of a lifetime without making certain that the task is worth doing. Injunctions such as these do not have the binding force of an absolute, of course, but they are certainly worth considering whenever questions and tasks whose relevance is not very evident are proposed. In particular, the task of the college professor and the questions which he answers should be established as important prior to actually doing or answering them.

Yet, students wonder if professors have seriously thought about the value of their teaching. That some professors might not question their own assumptions is easy to understand since prospective professors must all go through the educational process themselves. If



A chemist fills his buret in preparation for titration.





Robert Albers, Chemistry  
 Claude-Marie Baldwin, Romance Languages  
 Henry Baron, English  
 John Beebe, Biology  
 Henry Bengelink, Biology  
 Gilbert Besselsen, Education

Nicholas Beversluis, Education  
 Ronald Blankespoor, Chemistry  
 Kathryn Blok, Education  
 Edgar Boevé, Art  
 Ervina Boevé, Speech  
 Robert Bolt, History

Helen Bonzelaar, Art  
 Paul Boonstra, Mathematics  
 Bette Bosma, Education  
 James Bosscher, Engineering  
 Al Bratt, Biology  
 Kenneth Bratt, Classical Languages

Wallace Bratt, Germanic Languages  
 John Brink, Psychology  
 Herbert Brinks, History  
 Herman Broene, Chemistry  
 Conrad Bult, Assistant Director and Reference Librarian  
 Bradley Class, Romance Languages

Dale Cooper, Religion and Theology  
 Elsa Cortina, Romance Languages  
 Peter De Boer, Education  
 Willis De Boer, Religion and Theology  
 James De Borst, Political Science  
 Sander De Haan, Germanic Languages

Peter De Jong, Sociology  
 Roger De Kock, Chemistry  
 Peter De Vos, Philosophy, Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship  
 Bert De Vries, History  
 Robert De Vries, Political Science  
 Calvin De Witt, Fellow, Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship

David Diephouse, History  
 Thedford Dirkse, Chemistry  
 David Dunbar, Romance Languages  
 Jo Duyst, Librarian  
 Eugene Dykema, Economics, Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship  
 Vernon Ehlers, Physics, Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship

Edward Ericson, Jr., English  
 Alan Gebben, Biology  
 Harold Geerdes, Music  
 Edna Greenway, Romance Languages  
 Samuel Greydanus, Jr., History  
 Roger Griffioen, Physics

Dolores Hageman, Physical Education  
 John Hamersma, Music  
 George Harper, Jr., English  
 George Harris, Classical Languages  
 Cornelius Hegewald, Germanic Languages  
 William Hendricks, Education

Mary Hietbrink, English  
 Henry Hoeks, Religion and Theology  
 Thomas Hoeksema, Education  
 Karla Hoesch, Physical Education  
 Dewey Hoitenga, Jr., Philosophy  
 David Holquist, Speech

Henry Holstege, Sociology  
 Philip Holtrop, Religion and Theology  
 David Holwerda, Religion and Theology  
 Ralph Honderd, Physical Education  
 Carl Huisman, Art  
 Gertrude Huisman, Music

Henry Ippel, History  
 Thomas Jager, Mathematics  
 Dirk Jellema, History  
 Robert Jensen, Art  
 Wayne Joose, Psychology  
 Carl Kaiser, Music

Beverly Klooster, Biology  
 Thelma Knol, Music  
 Kenneth Konyndyk, Jr., Philosophy  
 Roger Konyndyk, Mathematics  
 James Korf, Speech  
 Irvin Kroese, English

Albion Kromminga, Physics  
 Kenneth Kuiper, English  
 Jack Kuipers, Mathematics  
 Kenneth Kuipers, Economics and Business  
 Walter Lagerwey, Germanic Languages  
 Stephen Lambers, Information Services Librarian

James Lamse, Germanic Languages  
 Sanford Leestma, Mathematics  
 Philip Lucasse, Education  
 Robert Manweiler, Physics  
 George Marsden, History  
 Clarence Menninga, Physics

Ellen Monsma, Romance Languages  
 George Monsma, Jr., Economics  
 Marvin Monsma, Director of the Library  
 Richard Mouw, Philosophy  
 Carl Mulder, Education  
 Ann Noteboom, Speech







Professor Lamse, wearing a Deutsch Haus tee-shirt, dances with the students at the German Department Oktoberfest.



Herr Hegewald sings from "Deutsche Lieder."

you do not understand why the fact that professors were once all students makes any difference, then consider for a moment a student whom we shall call Xerxes. Now Xerxes is a bright, intelligent, curious, eager, willing, and naive freshman. He has just graduated from high school, and, although he was rather bored there, he is looking forward to college as a chance really to learn something. He settles into his studies, gradually being drawn deeper and deeper into the web of things that can be known. The tempting siren call of knowledge lures him ever farther into the mysteries of his subject, and, soon, he discovers that he really enjoys the pursuit of knowledge. Graduate school follows almost inevitably. At graduate school, Xerxes becomes indoctrinated in the methodology and the content of his discipline, and, when he graduates, he is ready as a professor to lead other students along the same primrose path. On and on the cycle

goes, building up in the meantime an enormous body of knowledge, since each professor adds his little bit to that body of knowledge. The treadmill keeps turning, but, unfortunately, it seldom stops long enough to allow the runners to get off, take a deep breath, and ask the question, "Why?" Xerxes is led to become a professor by his own inclination and by the peculiar institution of higher education which is such a distinguishing characteristic of Western society, but, in the process, the importance of gaining more knowledge might be left unspecified.

So, why is the pursuit of more knowledge important? Well, this question is not always left unanswered. No doubt, most professors have some justification for their activities, although, as has already been suggested, the press of everyday affairs might often leave the justification rather ill-defined. As far as we can make out, essentially two justifications exist.

Larry Nyhoff, Mathematics  
 Delwin Nykamp, Speech  
 Donald Oppewal, Education  
 Peter Oppewall, English  
 Clifton Orlebeke, Philosophy  
 Arthur Otten, Romance Languages



Charlotte Otten, English  
 Robert Otten, Classical Languages  
 Chris Overvoorde, Art  
 Thomas Ozinga, Speech  
 James Penning, Political Science  
 Kenneth Piers, Chemistry



Alvin Plantinga, Philosophy  
 John Primus, Religion and Theology  
 Donald Pruis, Economics and Business  
 Lois Read, Romance Languages  
 Alfred Reynolds, Psychology  
 Rodger Rice, Sociology



M. Howard Rienstra, History  
 Frank Roberts, History  
 Theodore Rottman, Sociology  
 H. Evan Runner, Philosophy  
 Ruth Rus, Music  
 William Sanderson, Psychology



Allen Shoemaker, Psychology  
 Carl Sinke, Mathematics  
 Howard Slenk, Music  
 Barbara Sluiter, Librarian  
 Donald Smalligan, Sociology  
 Corwin Smidt, Political Science



David Snuttjer, Psychology  
 Gordon Spykman, Religion and Theology  
 Barney Steen, Physical Education  
 Leroy Stegink, Education  
 Roger Stouwie, Psychology  
 Earl Strikwerda, History



Leonard Sweetman, Jr., Religion and Theology  
 Bernard Ten Broek, Biology  
 Henrietta Ten Harmsel, English  
 Robert Terborg, Psychology  
 Richard Tiemersma, English  
 John Tiemstra, Economics



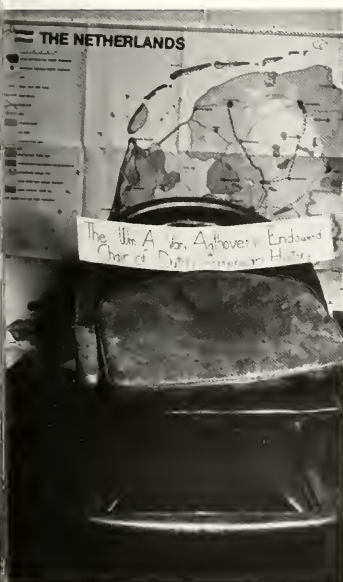
Peter Tigchelaar, Biology  
 James Timmer, Physical Education  
 John Timmerman, English  
 Dale Topp, Music  
 David Tuuk, Physical Education  
 Marten Vande Guchte, Speech







Herbert Brinks takes a historical break.



The Van Aghoven Chair of Dutch-American History, found in a corner of Mr. Brinks' office, is presently unoccupied.

The first view focuses on the student. According to this view, the purpose of teaching is to prepare the student for future life in the world after he graduates. To some extent, this training includes vocational training, but, usually, the preparation is thought to go much deeper than that. Thus, although one of the functions of the biology teacher is to train students to be biologists, another function is to help students to see more clearly how the world of plants and animals interacts with the sphere of human activity. Similarly, the study of history will give the student an understanding of the way the present became what it is and help the student to act in the future by seeing how people acted in the past. Students will not only be able to find a job but also be able to understand more fully the world in which they live their everyday lives and the actions which should be taken. Through the study of literature,

psychology, mathematics, and other disciplines, the student will, in some unspecified manner, be ready for both a career and the rest of his existence. The pursuit of knowledge is important, then, because the possession of it helps people to live.

The second view focuses not on the student but on the various elements of creation. We, as Christians, have been placed in this world to honor and glorify God and one of the ways in which we honor and glorify Him is by investigating the creation which He has made. According to this view, God's creation has a number of different elements in it. We can investigate these elements, including such aspects of reality as the physical, the economic, the artistic, and, if you will, the religious aspects. The various disciplines simply consist then of the study of these various aspects. In fact, disinterested investigation of reality is not only our privilege

Henry Vander Goot, Religion and Theology  
 Steve Van Der Weele, English  
 William Van Doorne, Chemistry  
 Brenda Van Halsema, Art  
 Gordon Van Harn, Biology  
 Jay Van Hook, Philosophy



Edwin Van Kley, History  
 Nancy Van Noord, Physical Education  
 Catherine Van Opynen  
 Lambert Van Poolen, Engineering  
 Howard Van Til, Physics  
 George Van Zwalenberg, Mathematics



John Van Zytveld, Physics  
 Clarence Vos, Religion and Theology  
 Louis Vos, Religion and Theology  
 Anthony Vroon, Physical Education  
 Clarence Walhout, English  
 Mary Ann Walters, English



John Wassenaar, Economics and Business  
 Evelyn Weidenaar, Librarian  
 Ronald Wells, History  
 Dorothy Westra, Education  
 Johan Westra, Political Science  
 Richard Wevers, Classical Languages



Jack Wiersma, Education  
 Stanley Wiersma, English  
 Donald Wilson, Sociology  
 Nicholas Wolterstorff, Philosophy  
 John Worst, Music  
 Sierd Woudstra, Religion and Theology



Doris Zuidema, Physical Education  
 Marvin Zuidema, Physical Education  
 Paul Zwier, Mathematics  
 Uko Zylstra, Biology



## Unpictured Faculty

Sandra Ariza, Romance Languages  
 James Benthem, Psychology  
 Martin Bolt, Psychology  
 Daryl Brink, Mathematics  
 Barbara Carvill, Germanic Languages  
 Gordon De Blaey, Sociology  
 Daniel Ebels, Economics  
 Paul Henry, Political Science  
 Arie Leegwater, Chemistry  
 Clayton Libolt, Religion and Theology  
 Robert Meyer, English  
 Robert Pauw, Philosophy  
 Ronald Pederson, Art  
 Jeffrey Pettinga, Physical Education

J. William Smit, Sociology  
 Linda Spoelman, English  
 Calvin Stapert, Music  
 Charles Strikwerda, Political Science  
 Wayne Te Brake, History  
 Mary Vander Goot, Psychology  
 Johannes van der Hoeven, Philosophy  
 Ronald Vander Kooi, Sociology  
 William Vanderploeg, Philosophy  
 Dale Van Kley, History  
 Timothy Van Laar, Art  
 Ernest Van Vugt, Classical Languages  
 Glen Weaver, Psychology  
 Loren Wilkinson, Fellow, Calvin Center for  
 Christian Scholarship





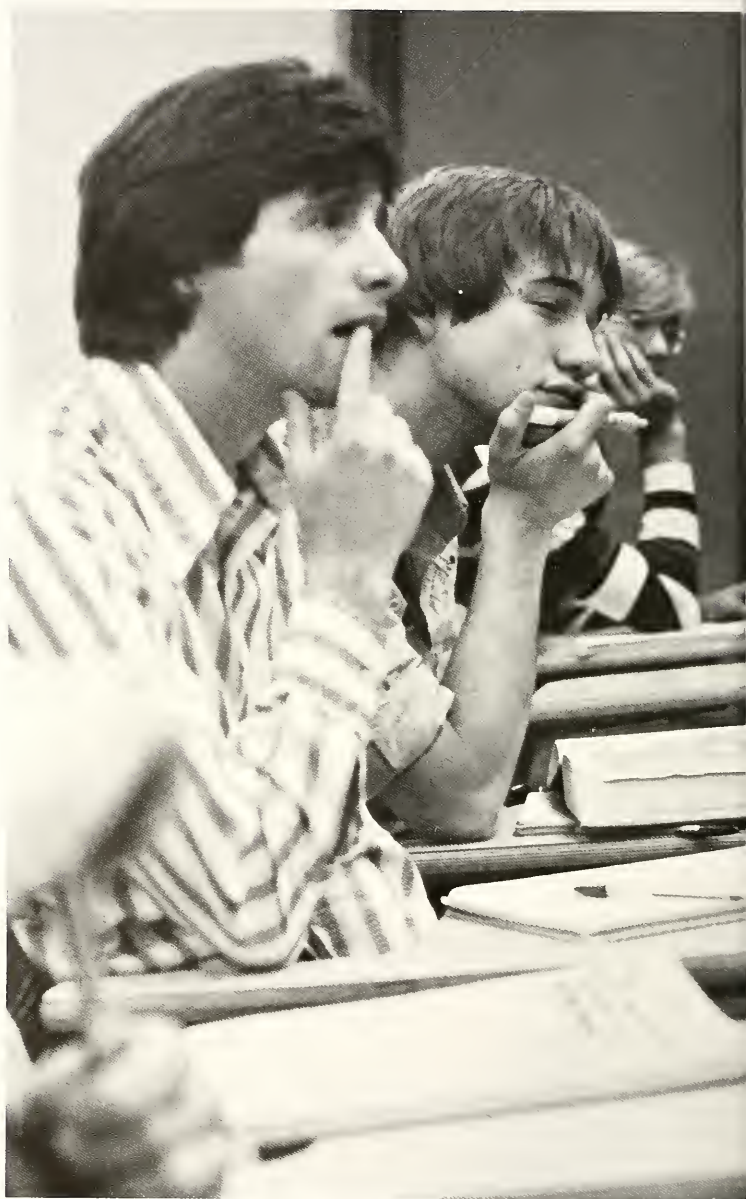
Ed Van Kley of the History Department advises a befuddled Paul Baker during first semester registration.



Helen Bonzelaar has a cup of coffee and conversation with her art students.

but also our duty. We must pay attention to all the various elements of creation because, if we do not do so, then we are not paying homage to the handiwork of God as we should. Thus, the focus of this latter view is not the pragmatic end of preparing the student for life in the world although that result may sometimes follow. Rather the focus is to see the world which God has made as it really is, for its own sake. The pursuit of knowledge is important because, when we do increase our knowledge, we can come to a better understanding of God's creation.

Obviously, these views are not here expressed with a great amount of clarity and precision, perhaps because professors do not always bother to question their activities as they should, perhaps for other reasons. Nevertheless, a few questions can be raised. If, as the first view suggests, the purpose of obtaining knowledge is to prepare students for future existence, then in what sense precisely is this preparation more than just vocational training? History



Bill Dodds and Keith Johnson take in an organic chemistry lecture. Professor Blankespoor teaches the class.



The prof, the pedestal, the disinterested pursuit of knowledge, and its practicality — can the balance be maintained?

majors can always become history teachers of one kind or another but in what sense specifically does the study of history help a student to live his everyday life? One can announce that knowledge about the French Revolution or the mechanics of the supply and demand curves will even help the student who is not an historian or an economist to live his life. But professors who hold to the first view, that the knowledge which can be learned in college is useful, need to provide more evidence for this assertion.

Professors who hold to the second view, that we must gain knowledge for the simple reason that God wants us to investigate his creation, are also left with a few problems. Chief among them is the fact that some aspects of creation need to be studied much more than others do. Under this second view, anything which is a part of reality can be studied by Christians. Professors can investigate anything they please and it will be all right. But, surely, given the exigencies of our own present-day, corrupted world, some things

need to be studied much more than others. No doubt, the construction of mathematical models to explain psychological behavior may be a part of reality, but it hardly qualifies as an important thing to do. Similarly, one can study the significance of animal images in *Wuthering Heights*, but why bother with it when the book has a powerful message to bring to this world? Sometimes, professors are lost in the investigation of triviality and justify it by claiming that, after all, triviality is a part of reality too. Professors who hold to the second view, that education justifies itself by being about creation, need to find some way of determining what is worth studying and what is not.

Amid the daily grind of marking papers, preparing lectures, grading blue books and listening to students, the meaning and relevance of a professor's activity are often taken for granted by the professor. Professors must be certain that they are doing more than simply perpetuating the educational system.

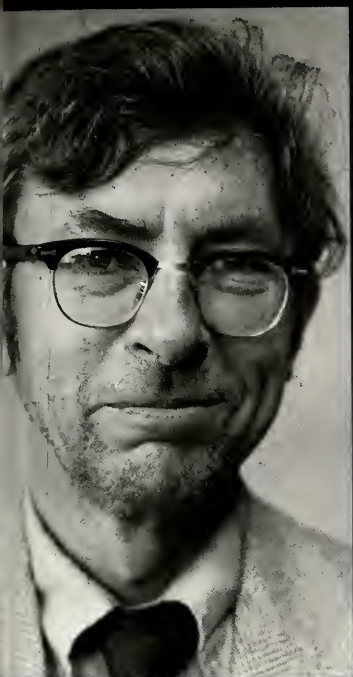


Howard Van Till, Professor of Physics, pauses to daydream, perhaps of sailing.





Edward Ericson of the English Department promotes his favorite author.



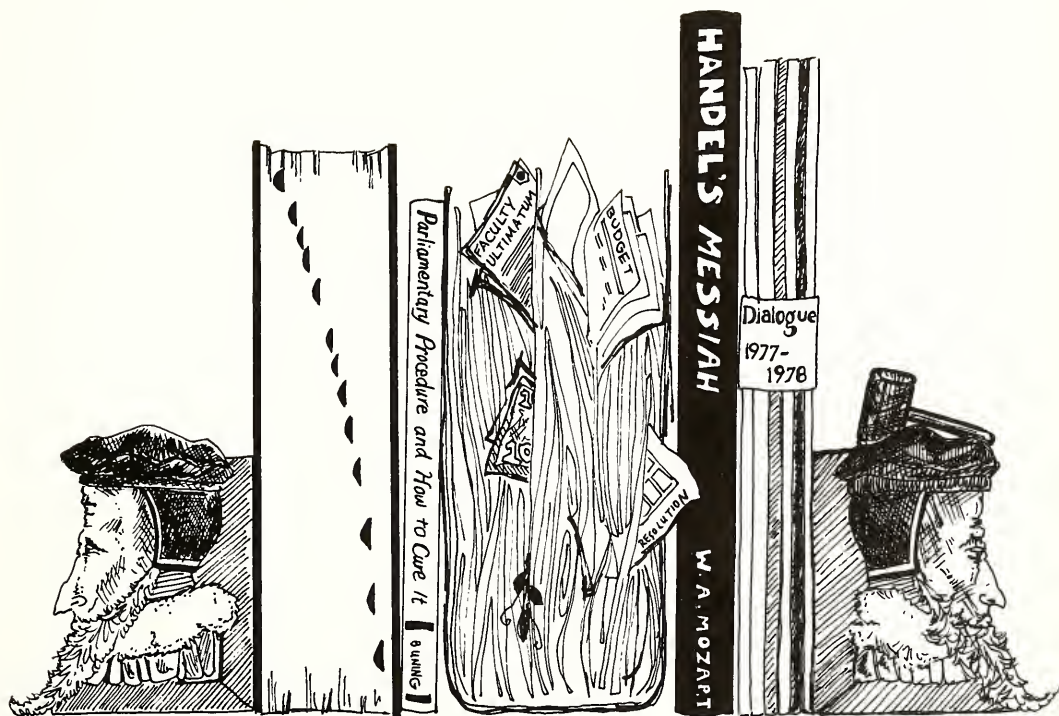
George Harper is a Professor of English and also an anglophile.



Henry Baron, Associate Professor of English, is surrounded by the words of the authors he teaches.







## Organizations



Senate Secretary Jan Chapin keeps notes during a meeting.



Jim Pluymert, Student Body President, acts as a voice to his constituents.



Chip Talen, Tammy Hooyer, and Scott Voorman listen as the Senate attends to business.

# The players are different but the game is the same

This year's Student Senate was, in most respects, like any other Senate of recent years. True, it *looked* different from other Senates, since a recent constitutional revision had altered its size and structure. These changes were, however, basically cosmetic. They did not alter the fact that this year's Senate offered the same services and wrestled with the same problems as the Senates of previous years. The game was the same; only the players were different.

This Senate, like others before it, provided its share of traditional social services, such as used-book sales and the all-campus Christmas party. It also provided, though often unappreciated, decision-making services. It, on behalf of the student body, decided how the limited supply of money was to be distributed among the many student organizations competing for those funds. It decided which students would be appointed to represent the students on the policy-making and disciplinary committees of the college. It also played a role in determining who will head such organizations as *Chimes*, *Dialogue*, and the Film Committee next year.

This Senate also faced many of the same problems that have plagued other Senates. Like those of former years, this year's Student Senate had a hard time getting students to take it seriously. Most students had little, if any, idea of what their Senate did. Few attended even one Senate meeting during the year; almost none attended meetings regularly. Most thought of the Senate as a remote, meaningless, and above all, dull organization. A common complaint was that the Senate failed to do anything constructive for the students it was supposed to serve, although such criticism was rarely accompanied with any concrete proposals for Senate action. Some critics even charged that the Senate's only function was to burden other student organizations with red tape. They claimed that the college would be better off if there were no Student Senate. That charge, too, has been leveled at other Senates of recent years.

In spite of what last year's campaign rhetoric may have led you to expect, the 1977-78 Student Senate was *not* more "open" or more "responsive to student needs" than other Senates have been.

There was no way it could have been, for every other Senate in recent years has also worked hard to achieve those same lofty goals. Neither can it be said that this Senate came up with any novel methods for getting the work of the student government done. It was just as dependent as any other Senate on committees, formal motions, parliamentary procedure, and other vehicles for action that outsiders so often find difficult to understand. In these ways also this Senate was the same as those before it.

What distinguished this year's Senate from those of previous years was neither the services it performed, the difficulties it faced, nor the methods it used to get its work done. What distinguished this Senate was the fact that it carried out its tasks with more *dedication* and *competence* than most Senates of recent years. Its committees were more thorough in their work. Candidates for appointed positions were screened more carefully and proposed expenditures were reviewed more painstakingly by the appropriate committees than had been done before. Senate meetings were more businesslike. Discussion was thorough but limited to the matter at hand. There seemed to be more of a concern for excellence this year than there had sometimes been.

In short, what distinguished this year's Student Senate was not what it did, but the manner in which it did its work. This year's Senate distinguished itself by doing its work well. And *that* is the highest compliment that can be given to any Senate.

Rich Bouma



As Senate Parliamentarian, Mark Schrouder is expected to have the answers to procedural questions.



# The role of publications in the Calvin community

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing or in judging ill.

— Alexander Pope

In the real world the press is the watchdog of the government and various other vested interests — and it is the self-styled champion of the semi-literate masses. Deification of journalists has enjoyed a special vogue in the wake of Watergate: witness Redford and Hoffman in *All the President's Men* and Edward Asner in *Lou Grant*. At Calvin, however, the people who produce the three student publications enjoy something closer to vilification than deification. Some very few students actually crank out *Chimes*, *Dialogue*, and *Prism*; by far the most of us are content merely to sneer at them. It is perhaps unfortunate that on occasion what might be a thoroughly pleasant adversary relationship gets out of hand and some folks actually become cross, but since neither the writers nor their critics are consistently successful, both manage to have a fairly good time of it.

*Chimes*, *Dialogue*, and *Prism* all generate their own varieties of woe among the college populace, each after its own kind, in addition to the generalized contempt which students have for any college organization with which they are not associated. It is said that *Chimes* is boring and smug, *Dialogue* is pompous and abstruse, and *Prism* is . . . well, *Prism* is simply never what anybody thinks a yearbook should be.

Now, complaining for the sake of complaining is all well and good — students need some kind of whipping boy, particularly at the end of a long semester. The publications — and, to a lesser extent, the individuals who staff them — can take a jolly lambasting in stride, just as the weather bureau manages to bear up under the blame it receives for bad weather. But critics who would take the whole business seriously must first take into account the constitutional dicta which the college has applied to the case. It should be understood that it is not often that the publi-

cations stray very far from what they set out, rightly and reasonably, to accomplish.

In the face of critical accusations the student editors have every right to point, as did nervous post-war German officers, to the vindications of the chain of command: it is, in fine point of fact, the Calvin College Communications Board that technically publishes all student publications, and the buck stops there. The CCCB is prescriptive, regulative, and supervisory with regard to *Chimes*, *Dialogue*, and *Prism*. It is the prescriptive function which concerns us here. The CCCB Constitution lays down brief but binding statements of purpose and scope for each of the publications, and these statements consti-

tute the sole platform on which any debate between writers and readers can justifiably take place, since they make explicit what *should* be happening.

Says the CCCB, the purposes of *Chimes*, *Dialogue*, and *Prism* are, respectively, to report, to discuss, and to record:

*Chimes* shall be the student newspaper, and as such it shall concern itself with news and editorial comment about the Calvin Community and additional news and comment of interest to that Community.

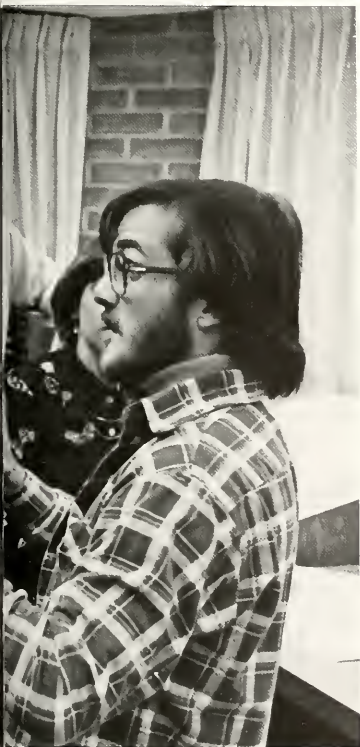
Of the three publications, *Chimes* has probably the most substantial effect on the college community, despite its being — or perhaps because it is — the



Bob Holkeboer, Paul De Jong, and Dan Hawkins discuss a *Chimes* page.



Eric Jager peruses the finished product.



Debbie Ellens, *Dialogue* Editor, tries to straitjacket T. A. Straayer, but his sleeves are too short.



most ephemeral (i.e., the most topical and, in a literal sense, the most disposable) of the three. The CCCB's outline of purpose for *Chimes* allows the paper a relatively great amount of latitude in fulfilling its injunction to render material of interest to the community. *Chimes'* frequency of publication, its topical immediacy, and its variegated content allow it to offer something to everyone on campus. Indeed, *Chimes* can seriously fall out of grace with the student body only when it editorializes excessively on the wrong side (that being the side with the fewest adherents) of one of the wearying controversies that inevitably roil a school year.

The only potentially significant criticism to have been leveled against *Chimes* of late concerns the paper's apparent shift in emphasis over the past few years from news to the feature article/review. Certainly this involves a small, though fundamental, alteration in the paper's working philosophy, but it does not exceed the CCCB's proposed bounds — and on a campus less than booming with news stories it is difficult to imagine how a primary emphasis on news could improve the scandal sheet. Quite simply, *Chimes* is, and should be, more than merely a thinking man's ICB.

*Dialogue* shall be a forum for discussion and dialogue by all members of the Calvin Community of any important issue and/or common interest and shall be also a medium of artistic expression by all members of that community.

*Dialogue* is doubtless the least loved of Calvin's publications, garnering (as determined by a recent straw vote) fewer readers than even the College Handbook. This is unfortunate, but scarcely unpredictable, in light of the magazine's intent. That it has as its duty the discussion of "important" issues, for instance, puts it out beyond the orbit of *Chimes* right off the bat. The business about "artistic expression" doesn't bode well for luring a very substantial audience at Calvin, either. A leper would probably receive a more open-armed reception than would a literary magazine in this Philistine stronghold.

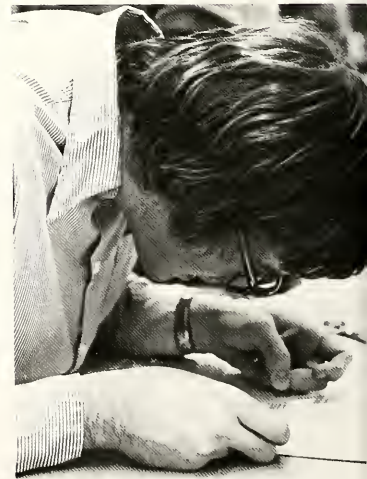
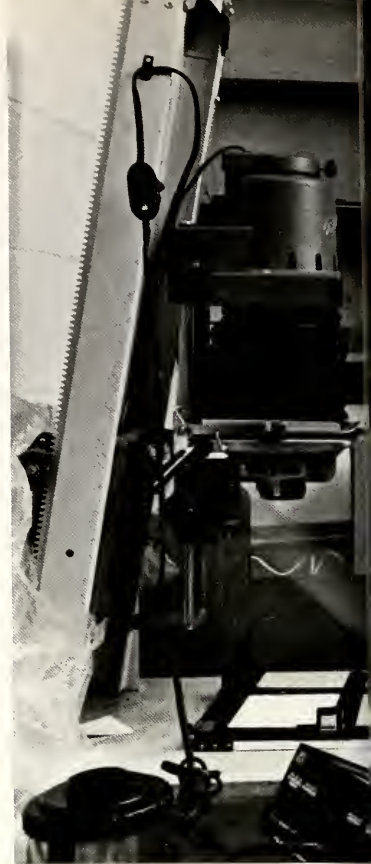
The checkered history of *Dialogue*

and its put-upon predecessors bears unflattering testimony to its popularity relative to its sister publications. While both *Chimes* and *Prism* are very nearly as ancient as the college itself, *Dialogue* is still comparatively wet behind the ears. Until 1947, Calvin's creative writing was published in the pages of *Chimes*. From 1947 to 1949 *Chimes* printed, separately at the end of the year, the *Chimes Literary Supplement*, apparently in a first attempt to dissociate itself from the burden of art. From 1949 to 1964 Calvin published the *Literary Review* at least twice yearly; this accounted for fifteen years of very slim volumes, indeed, of Calvin's best poetry and fiction. From 1961 to 1968 another student fine arts publication, the *Loci*, raised its timid head, concurrently with the *Literary Review* for a few years. It was not until 1969 that *Dialogue* made its shaky debut on campus; it was the first of the fine arts publications to incorporate scholarly articles and editorial comment. And that made two more strikes against it.

If popularity were an important criterion in determining its success, then perhaps *Dialogue* could be considered a failure. That is not the case, however. One would do as well to outlaw iron lungs as *Dialogue* on the grounds that too few enjoy their benefits. *Dialogue* provides a paginated showcase for Calvin's enduring art and opinion which is unique on campus. Whether or not one sullies his intellectual palate with *Dialogue's* ink, he may count himself fortunate to have its necessary and endearing presence close at hand.

*Prism* shall be a meaningful and representative record of Calvin Community life, particularly within the current school year.

*Prism* is the only student publication with a hard cover (well, there have been a few exceptions) — nor is this an insignificant feature: it bespeaks an intended permanence. *Chimes*, as has been noted, is an inherently disposable publication, quickly outdated. *Dialogue* is slightly more collectable than *Chimes* — a thing of beauty being a joy forever, and all — although I would hazard to guess that relatively few students save back issues. But it is quite likely that



Jim Rinck works on a *Chimes* layout.





Phil Spoelhof, the phantom photographer, makes ghostly images arise in the chemicals.



most students have and will keep a copy of every *Prism* in which they appear. Aging *Prisms* are dusty heirlooms in attics coast to coast. The *Prism* is a historical document, and that fact implicates its staff in some rather heady responsibilities. In order to be worthy of publication, *Prism* must be interesting and significant to a reader both today and ten years from today.

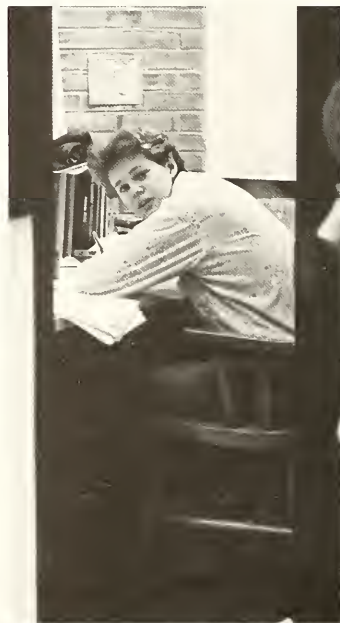
Each *Prism* is intended to be a record of Calvin life, and particularly of a single academic year. But to say "particularly" is to imply that it is not to be *exclusively* that: a *Prism* must transcend the events of one year, must find its place in the whole history of Calvin. In a college as laden with heritage as Calvin, one can scarcely say anything significant about the institution without the advantage of a historical perspective in any case. *Prism* must accurately capture and preserve Calvin's evolving character without being excessively cute about it, since in a real sense the yearbook is the closest thing to a permanent memory to which the college can lay claim, and those involved with the college have every right to expect that the memory not be faulty.

That one of *Prism's* duties is preservation, however, does not necessitate its smelling of formaldehyde. The college is not all pipe smoke, tweeds, and ledgers, after all. *Prism*, like the Bible, must own up to the juvenile shenanigans, ignoble social pastimes, and other forms of reprobate behavior which are as much a part of life on God's little acreage on the Beltline as ever they were in the old Canaan. The difficulty, of course, lies in daubing the portrait without being tarred by the brush. But no one said it was supposed to be easy.

This is the point: *Prism* (and *Chimes* and *Dialogue*, too, for that matter) involves much more than a disinterested and self-contained collection of journalism and artistry. The student publications are manifestations of the college's tone, spirit, mood; what they say reverberates throughout the school's history, its constituency, the Christian Reformed denomination, and beyond. There is much more to Calvin College than the people on the Knollcrest campus, more years than the four that happen to be important to



Gloria Yzenbaard and Jim Rinck are suspicious of the character with a camera slung around his neck.



Bob Holkeboer, *Chimes* Editor, puts in about six hours of work on layout nights.



Jim Rinck and Bob Boomsma collapse on the morning after a *Chimes* is put together.





Debbie Ellens, *Dialogue* Editor, and her associates throw around ideas and even *Bod Books*.





us as individual students. What we do here — and what we publish — will doubtless have effects on this larger community that we can hardly guess at. We will do well to approach our considerable responsibilities with a good deal of caution and reverence. If we do a decent job of it we will have gone a long way toward learning the lessons this college has meant to teach us.

T. A. Straayer  
Associate Editor, *Dialogue*

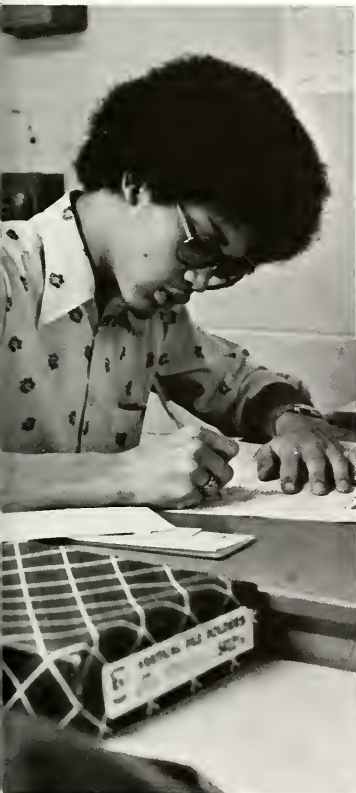


Steve Krosschell, Associate Editor, and Kimberly Adams, Editor, congratulate each other on the book you are now reading.

# WCAL provides listening pleasure



WCAL's goal is to spend 30%-40% of its air time on campus events.



Program Director Howard Busch prepares a schedule.



WCAL plays all kinds of music except hard rock.

After five years of rhetoric, arguing, planning, fighting, and hard work, WCAL is a reality. We are a student-run college radio station broadcasting via carrier current to all students living in the dorms. Transmitters are being installed at Knollcrest East.

Throughout the planning and fighting years, though few were willing to take an active role in the creation or destruction of WCAL, there have been a host of voices crying out either doom or victory, calling us self-centered idiots or visionary pioneers.

The basic argument against WCAL seems to be that it is an expensive operation in which only the handful of students involved are interested. The arguments for radio at Calvin are more diverse: the educational value, the artistic outlet, the growing need for experienced Christian broadcasters in both evangelistic outreach and commercial radio, the relative inexpensiveness of radio in comparison to other modes of communication, and, finally, that students *are* interested in college radio at Calvin.

From just a year and a half on the air it is difficult to judge the correctness of either view, and, very likely, both views have validity. Only time and experience will give sufficient evidence to judge.

Jan Chapin  
Special Advisor to the Executive Board, WCAL



Peter De Jong tells a small group about "Gospel Riches and Church Poverty."

## Lecture Council endeavors to increase student insight

In order to render an accurate account of what Lecture Council is, a few words about the purpose of Calvin College are necessary.

I think that most people would agree that Calvin College is a Christian institution dedicated to the pursuit of higher learning in a Reformed context. In service to God we make it our aim to apply Christian principles in all fields of study.

Of course, this is no small task and it must be realized that this work is an ongoing process. None of us has the answers to the problems that confront today's world. Thus our search for Christian alternatives takes the form of a dialogue. This dialogue takes place not only within Calvin but also with Christians and non-Christians in the outside world. This dialogue is also necessitated by a realistic appraisal of

where Calvin is. One need only spend a short time here to realize that wherever "it's happening" Grand Rapids "isn't it." Because Grand Rapids is isolated, students do not always have the easy access to a wide variety of viewpoints that they might have in a larger center.

Therefore, the *raison d'être* of Lecture Council is evident. Our purpose is to expose students to the ideas of gifted men and women which, otherwise, would not be heard at Calvin. By means of these lectures we also try to be a responsible witness to the Grand Rapids community.

This year instead of the usual thematic approach our strategy has been to focus on a few important issues and problems that confront Christians everywhere. For example, we had speakers talk on the crisis in Uganda, the world hunger problem, the deterior-



Gary Knoppers listens intently.



## Lecture Series 1977-1978

Thomas Howard  
Worship: Act, Not Experience

October 18

Peter De Jong  
Gospel Riches and Church Poverty

November 10

Kefa Sempangi  
Crisis in Uganda: A Network of Evil

November 29

Ronald Sider  
Rich Christians Living in an Age of Hunger

December 8

John Perkins  
Racial Reconciliation

February 16

Elizabeth O'Connor  
Journey Inward: Journey Outward

March 2

Brian Mawhinney  
The Christian and Health Care: Private Charity or Public Responsibility?

April 6

Dennis Brutus  
Black Consciousness in South Africa

April 17

George Marsden  
A Historical Inquiry into the Calvinist Transformation of Culture

May 2

rating situation in South Africa as well as more "timeless" issues such as the idea of liturgy and the nature of Christian transformation.

One should think that with such a state of affairs, Lecture Council would form an integral part of life at Calvin but, unfortunately, this is not always true. It is our consensus that despite the valuable work done by the Council, the lectures reach far too few students. The reasons for this shortcoming are many but three seem to stand out. First, most students do not seem to realize that Lecture Council is a student-sponsored and student-run organization. The council operates primarily and is geared towards the benefit of students. Second, the Lecture Council suffers from a diminutive budget. Third, the size of Lecture Council itself is too small. With only three students (Gary Knoppers, Beth Pierson, and Tom Van Denend) and two faculty members (Mr. Piers and Mr. Wells) we find it increasingly difficult to fulfill the many tasks required.

Consequently we are investigating a number of proposals that might lead to a significant restructuring of the council. We hope that this reorganization will enable the committee to fulfill its mandate and catalyze student participation.

Gary Knoppers  
Chairman, Lecture Council

## Film viewers' task: to respond, evaluate, grow

The Calvin College Film Arts Committee presents films that are normally unavailable to students in the local commercial theaters — classic films out of circulation and foreign films that would otherwise never come to Grand Rapids. Certainly, enough films of exceptional quality have been made in the history of cinema, and are being made yet today, that the Film Arts Committee need show nothing objectionable. An appealing statement at first glance, but it would be like trying to raise ourselves on a diet of Walt Disney. It would be like majoring in English and not reading Hemingway and D. H. Lawrence or like majoring in art and never seeing depicted the human form unclothed or human agony uncovered.

No, in order to grow and mature in our appreciation of the film arts and in our ability as Christians to critique the message brought by the same, our minds must be stretched and our thoughts extended beyond our cozy little worlds; we must be drawn up on tip-toe, brought to the edge of our seats. A reaction must be coaxed, even forced out of us. We must not idealize the world. We cannot draw ourselves up by our own bootstraps of the Dutch Christian Reformed subculture.

This can be a frightening and intimidating process. It may mean opening our souls up to art forms that uncomfortably probe our consciences, using images on the screen and words in the air that sear and offend our sensibilities. And because films use the sight-sound presentation, the effects are more intense—and therefore potentially more harmful as well as more rewarding—than less complex art forms. It means getting personally involved for two hours (and more if participation in ongoing discussion follows). We may be asked to step part-way onto the shores of an alternate world and life view, taking it just seriously enough that it may be investi-

gated, evaluated, and ultimately discarded—but discarded only after we have enriched and bolstered our own Christian perspective: patching and darning the holes in the areas where we have not yet thought through an issue carefully or thoroughly enough.

At what intensity of poking do we begin? How large a chunk of development can we reasonably bite off in those first, tentative, exploratory bits? How do we evaluate the harmful effects of film, and their shock value? How do we gauge the maturity of the audiences that will be attracted?

All these are questions faced by the Film Arts Committee in compiling its film series; but they cannot be answered by the committee alone and

the results spoon-fed to a passive audience. Rather, the viewers must engage their minds in order to become sensitive to the overt as well as subtle techniques used by cinematic directors, and so that they are not manipulated and pick-pocketed by mercenary producers. Just as students may be entertained or not depending on the attitude, frame of mind, expectation with which they approach a film showing, so they will be educated only by coming and participating with an active, open mind. And then argue, debate, discuss; respond, evaluate, grow.

Eric Wolterstorff  
Member, Film Arts Committee



Many viewers try conscientiously to analyze a film from a Christian perspective.



David Faber, head of the Film Council, previews films in the English Department conference room.



Professor Irwin Kroese shows a flick to a Friday night audience.



The *Taxi Driver* audience, impatient to see the film's sex and violence, is restless during Mr. Sweetman's twenty-minute introduction.



# Artists try to restore guilded past

Last year there was talk of the Fine Arts Guild being dissolved. But some heads bobbed up in a feeble protest, and the guilds straggled on in search of a revival. The Music and Dance Guilds went out of existence, but the Writers Guild, the Drama Guild, and the Visual Arts Guild refused to die and have been quite active this year. Besides sponsoring the Good Groceries Writing Contest, the Writers Guild brought to campus fine artists such as actress Catha Cale and poets Robert Bly and David Den Boer. The Writers and Drama Guilds presented a winter arts festival called "Gezelligheid," which replaced last year's all-guild "Daedalus." The Drama Guild also sponsored a pantomime workshop. The Visual Arts Guild attempted to give some perspective to visual arts outside the bounds of Calvin by visiting art exhibits and bringing in different speakers, including an art historian from the University of Chicago who talked about Robert Rauschenberg. The Visual Arts Guild also sponsored the Michigan Intercollegiate Arts Competition.

Although the Visual Arts Guild has gone its own way and considers the F.A.G. organization to be defunct, the Writers and Drama Guilds are still looking for more direction and feel the need for a chairman or overseer. A chairman could possibly provide fresh input and thereby stimulate increased attendance and a communal vision.

The F.A.G. was originally organized to provide an informal atmosphere for the development of and communication among artists on campus. Yet the individual guilds remain small.

Although a writing contest indicates that there are over one hundred writers on campus, only ten attend Writers Guild meetings regularly. Although the Thespians draw all sorts of people who are interested in drama, the Drama Guild has difficulty getting enough members to make meetings worthwhile. Although the Visual Arts Guild can recruit people from the entire art department, it boasts only twenty members.

Perhaps the role of the F.A.G. at Calvin must be redefined. The guilds must discuss how they can change, improve, or expand in order to be more serviceable. Are the guilds meant to be for a specific number of talented people? Do they owe anything to the student body? If so, how can they more effectively organize that obligation? What direction do the guilds hope to take in the future? In short, why are they here?

These are some of the questions that should be faced. The answers will determine the future appearance of the guilds.



This is one of the objects d'art entered in the Michigan Intercollegiate Competition.



G. J. Van Spronsen reads poetry at the 1977 Fine Arts Festival.



Poems and prose by individual Writers Guild members are mimeographed to share with the group.



Tom Ralya entertains collegiates and canine at the Fine Arts Festival.



Penny Rozema gives Emily Talen a tongue-lashing in a Drama Club skit.



Lorri Smalligan and Ben Tamminga, members of the Visual Arts Guild, hang competition pictures.





Tom Postema ages and David Baker sprouts a new nose in just a short time.



The Thespians class lines up for crew work.



Ah, sweet applause!



Betsy Boerman, who plays Bianca in *The Taming of the Shrew*, waits with others for their cue.



# The Gezon has a stage and Thespians are the actors

Thespians, simply because it does theatre, will slip your mind. Which plays were put on this year? Now you remember; years from now you will glance quickly to the pictures which accompany this piece. And those faces. Surely, that's . . . Or is it? Of course, you knew them once, but now it matters little just who they were, or how well they did. Nor will you take anything Thespians did this past year with you; already it's gone. It must have been of some benefit at the time. If these pictures mean anything to you, it can only be because you saw the play or were in it. Then, at least, you thought Thespians worth the price of a ticket, some of your time, a trip to the Gezon and back. And Calvin students have been making a like choice for many years. Every semester, enough Thespians want to strut and fret their hair upon the stage that plays actually are performed, and, every semester, their fellow students turn out to see them. Despite the misgivings of the director and cast, audiences are genuinely appreciative.

Thespians has survived, if not always thrived, because it fills the same need for each successive class. Calvin students have always wanted to go onstage. What they do when they get there is beside the point. Perhaps they embarrass themselves; perhaps they display an intuitive understanding of character which earns them suddenly enthusiastic applause during the bows. Either way, the Thespian has had his chance; the audience was able to see whether the gamble paid off. But since the stakes in this game are not high (no one's livelihood rides on the outcome), the payoff is not large. But, neither then are the losses. Thespians can take a flop with equanimity, and occasionally they do. Even a failure has served its purpose; providing the actors with the opportunity to gamble their artistic capital, to succeed or fail. If the actors lose, if their performance is poor, the

discredit falls on the actors themselves. It is understood that the organization cannot be held responsible for the failings of its members. Thus, for Thespians, the "house" always wins. One may bet one's all on one's role, but it will be Thespians which rakes in the take, which is the right to claim that Calvin College really does do theatre. Next year, Thespians will still be there, offering to let students try their luck one more time. And, of course, they will. Using the yearnings of Thespians, plays are produced and a tradition continued.

Unhappily, Thespians' wants often keep the organization from doing what it was meant to do: theatre. Thespians is made to serve needs which have little to do with the production of plays.

For those with a desire to dress up and lose themselves in a character other than their own, Thespians offers a suit of finery, a splendid or vile figure to play, and another's noble words to declaim. The actor is rewarded to the extent he appears to escape himself. After all, no one wants to see an acquaintance on stage. One can see one's friends as themselves anytime. A Thespian comes to a role believing an effective performance is a matter of disguise, not self-revelation.

For those who want to join a company of like-minded people for the sake of the camaraderie, Thespians provides hours of rehearsals, green room chats and cast parties. For those with small parts requiring little thought or energy but much waiting about, the social pleasures of Thespians make involvement worthwhile. In fact, many Thespians never get a part at all, but join and stay for the companionship only. Thespians becomes a social club; meetings are held Tuesday afternoons at four o'clock. One pays the club dues by spending time on crew assignments, but members' perquisites are well worth the investment.

For those who are vain, and wish to

be more so, Thespians holds out all-too-easy gratification. It puts actors on stage before a house, crowded with people, eager to see them do well. Afterwards, many will seek out the players, telling them they really did as well as they had dared hope. Such compliments, though well-meant, can take the place of critical self-appraisal. For the Thespian, praise frequently comes too quickly, and is given so indiscriminately, that vanity alone is served.

This is not to say that Thespians do not deserve their praise; they do, but not because they need it. All actors need acclaim; only the talented have a right to it. Thespians has yet to accept that improvement in the quality of the acting will be impossible until each member is willing to evaluate himself according to standards of theatrical competence, and live with the results. Just how good are the Thespians? They do not know; no one tells them and they try not to think about it. The implications of such a critical examination are too disturbing. Some members would be discovered to be more talented than others. Should they be treated differently? That would strain the egalitarian camaraderie for which many Thespians joined in the first place. A knowledge of good acting would also, by contrast, point up how poor some Thespians' performances are. And that would never do. This kind of insecurity is not of the kind which an actor can exploit to impel himself to better his performance by risking more and more every night. Instead, this insecurity sends one searching for places to hide. One cannot act well or honestly while hiding. The Thespians may be making their artistic statement, but, if so, they are muttering it to themselves. When they speak up, maybe we will find them to have been speaking with the tongues of men and of angels all the while. Maybe.

David Baker  
Member of Thespians



When he is not sleeping, Christopher Sly watches the play from his vantage point above the stage.



At the end of the play, Petruchio wins his bet that he can tame the Shrew.



David Baker plays Gremio, an aged pantaloone.



Marian Groot, who plays Kate the Shrew, makes some caustic comments.

## Thespians' first production a shrewdly performed success

In the fall of 1977, the Gezon Auditorium was set for William Shakespeare's play, *The Taming of the Shrew*. A festive highlight of the season, this romantic comedy was seen by appreciative people.

*The Taming of the Shrew* is actually a play within a play. Christopher Sly, a drunken knave, awakes to find himself in the house of a lord, dressed like a lord and about to be entertained by a play.

Set in Padua, Italy, the play recounts

the story of the courtship and marriage of Baptista's two daughters: the younger, fair Bianca, and the elder, boisterous Katherine. Baptista refuses to allow any suitors to marry Bianca until Katherine, the shrew, has been wed. With the promise of wealth and a challenge, gamesome Petruchio agrees to marry Katherine. He boasts that he will tame her by "killing her with her own humor." Poor Katherine is not only subjected to his buffoonery, but is also denied food, sleep, and fresh clothing. At last she is quieted. But she is no less determined — only more cunning.

This is only part of the bewitching play during which Sly falls asleep. The next time he awakes, it is to discover that he had a wonderful dream.

The play was something of a light-hearted extravaganza; yet it raised philosophical questions of appearance and reality, the dimensions of love, and the role of women. The spirited cast and crew successfully presented both aspects.



Petruchio (Randy Nieuwsma) banters with Hortensio (Bob Hoving), one of Bianca's suitors.

A tavern keeper (Judy Van Gent) finds Christopher Sly (Fred Knip) drunk early in the morning.



## Building castles in the air

Audiences attending the Thespians' production of *The Master Builder* were challenged to do some castle building themselves, intellectually. Understanding plot implications of the play written by Henrik Ibsen and perhaps enjoying the play itself requires a bit of mental gymnastics.

In the largely autobiographical work, members of the cast were called to act both naturalistic and symbolic roles simultaneously. The delicate flow of the players' simple actions revealed torrents of undercurrent emotions and motivations.

Domineering, perfunctory Halvard Solness, the Master Builder himself, is not to be taken at face value. The aging architect, played by Scott Kuipers, boils with the heat of guilt, responsibilities, and the quest for continuing fame and success. Youth is the embodiment of the positive aspects of Solness' life and the cure-all for the negative.

The fire that causes the death of his children also leads to the death of his marriage. His wife, Aline, played by Marian Groot, is a woman characterized by loss of youth and vitality. She, who could once conceive, give birth, and cultivate, can no longer. She is bound by age and duty. Solness cannot succumb completely to a similar life-style.

Though he is attracted by the young, refreshing, impetuous Hilda Wangen, played by Kathy Uitvlugt, he cannot recapture a zest for life like hers. He is a man bound by a zeal quite like Hilda's and plaguing duties like his wife's.

To resolve the conflict, Solness climbs to the height that he knows will necessitate his death. When upon the spire of his new house, he transcends the masses and retains his masterly reputation with the vigor of his lost youth. Solness can stand the heights of his own air castles only for a moment. He falls to his death, a death that frees him of life's duties, sorrows, and guilt.



Mrs. Solness (Marian Groot) tells a very tragic story to Hilda (Kathy Uitvlugt).



The Master Builder (Scott Kuiper) reviews a drawing by his assistant Ragnar, whom he sees as a threat.

## His Own knows how to praise Him.

Praise the Lord!  
For it is good to sing praises to our God!  
for he is gracious, and a song of praise is seemly  
Great is our Lord, and abundant in power;  
His understanding is beyond measure.

Psalm 147: 1,5

It was with such a call to praise God's power that His Own first began its informal singing debut over five years ago. With a few hearty voices and a few voice-filled hearts its original members sought to form a singing group with a unique musical message of the abundant life of Christ. Since that time, His Own has sprouted into an active mixed choir of up to forty voices whose melodies are further amplified by the accompaniment of piano, organ, guitars, and lively percussion. Through their spirited proclamation of the Gospel through the gifts of music, His Own has enriched the lives of Grand Rapids and the local Michigan area. Although they are not officially recognized by the Calvin Music

Department (but instead operate as a student-run organization), their musical ministry has been very effective. They have been led to the far-off lands of the East Coast on their annual spring tour, and then of course to such familiar territory as the FAC Auditorium where they take part in an annual student concert.

His Own has never claimed to be a performance group and could not adequately be considered one. Their purpose is rather to communicate and share the Words of Truth through the creative means of music. On the other hand, they do not primarily have an evangelical ministry which seeks to draw in large crowds of unbelievers. They strive to avoid both the camouflage of overly professional musicianship and the lifelessness of trite repetition, and direct their ministry towards a simple enrichment of fellow believers in Christ. In this way they serve almost as a spiritual catalyst hoping to promote a positive reaction in their audience, challenging them to a renewal of faith's joy and power.

His Own is still in that flexible, growing stage and, as any young group, must continue to struggle through periods of adolescence. They hope to solidify and stabilize as they encourage continued commitment, unity of purpose, and ingenuity on the part of its members. And, of course, they would be thrilled if a full-time director in angel wings might someday drop down from above! So, they seek the continued support of the Calvin student body and always invite new members to audition in the fall.

Sing to the Lord a new song.  
Sing to the Lord all the earth.  
Let everything that breathes praise the Lord.  
Psalms 96:1 and 150:6

His Own knows how to praise Him.

Lynn McGavin



Pam Naber (center), one of the group's newest members, sings tenor.



Because His Own seeks to relate to a variety of people, they choose a variety of music — mostly contemporary. Bob Kuipers, a student, directs the group.





The more than 550 voices in the Calvin College Oratorio Society lift their voices in praise.





# HALLELUJAH!

No doubt, a sophisticate would sneer at the entire proceedings.

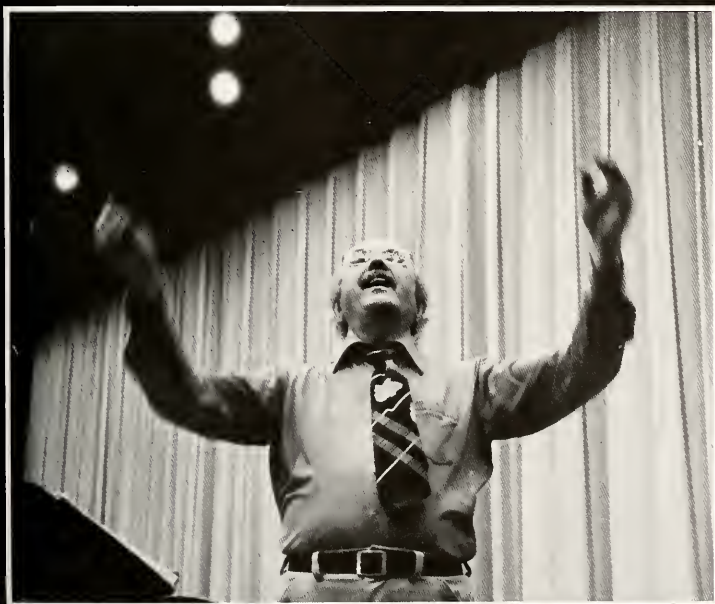
"What do these amateurs think they are doing by attempting to stage a production of Handel's *Messiah*? They should realize that the *Messiah* is a great work of art and is to be performed only at appropriate places. It should certainly not be performed in the renovated bombshelter that they call the Civic Auditorium. Look at the size of that chorus. Enough people are sitting in the chorus bleachers to fill up a graveyard, let alone to sing in one. The *Messiah* is supposed to be sung by a smaller and more select group than the mass of people the have here.

"I wonder if any non-Dutch people are here? They all look Dutch. Probably this event is the one big cultural outing all year for most of them. Look, somebody is eating popcorn over there. Here is another, wearing blue jeans

..."

These negative impressions are probably only reinforced by the initial sec-

tions of the work. The occasional sour notes of the orchestra and some muffled or uncertain entrances by the chorus all serve to create a sense of profound unease on the part of our sophisticate. But if he ignores, as much as possible, the uncongenial surroundings and the technical errors, he might be surprised by what he hears. Christians sing religious music better than non-Christians do. In technical matters the Calvin performance does not compare to a professional one, but technical matters are not the most important things in a work like the *Messiah*. The religious spirit which animates the work can really only be understood by people who share the same religious convictions. The power and magnificence of Handel's work come roaring out, leaving the listener shaken and reflective as he ponders the mysteries of the Incarnation and Jesus Christ. If he hears with an open mind the musical train of thought, our sophisticate just might leave the renovated bombshelter feeling quite a bit different from when he entered.



Mr. Geerdes directs the group during a Monday night rehearsal.

## Calvin Music Department strikes a new note

Hidden away in the Fine Arts Center, enveloped in a seductive world of sound and form, the Music Department can be forgotten by some students whose minds are filled not by strains of Mozart, but by worries about Math 111. However, this is not to say that Calvin students have no love for good music. Consider the attendance at the *Messiah* performances and the volume of the singing in church every Sunday morning and evening. More students than ever are trying out for the main musical organizations on campus. The Music Department has introduced a number of changes to utilize this influx of talent and to better the quality of musical performances.

Perhaps the biggest structural change that took place this year was the inauguration of the Calvin College Oratorio Orchestra, which was developed to accompany the Oratorio Society in its annual performance of Handel's *Messiah* and this year's spring oratorio, *Saint Paul*, by Mendelssohn. Formerly the Calvin Orchestra was used in its entirety for this purpose, but because of the burdensome number of instruments for each part, the decision was made to replace the Calvin Orchestra with a smaller, more select orchestra composed of alumni and student instrumentalists and augmented by a few key professional performers.

The Calvin College Oratorio Society itself saw change this year as a record number of students and alumni, more than 550 in all, gathered together each Monday to rehearse for their winter and spring performances. This single organization includes more than ten percent of the student body in its ranks, and has grown tremendously from the original chorus of 81 voices which gave Calvin's first performance of the *Messiah* in 1921. The Oratorio Society and Orchestra are directed by Harold

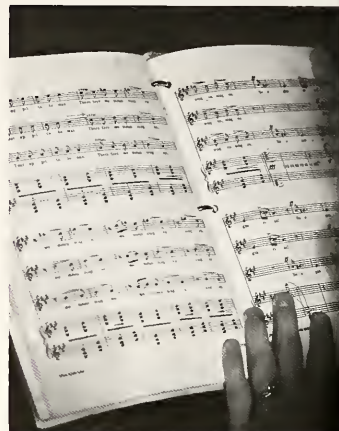
Geerdes, Associate Professor of Music, who has held this post since 1965.

The Oratorio Society is not the only vocal group that grew or changed in the last year. Under the direction of Howard Slenk, Professor of Music, the Capella Choir studied and performed a large variety of choral music and improved its reading and vocal skills. The choir, which has 40 members, maintained its reputation as the most select singing group at Calvin by giving several concerts during the course of the year. The Campus Choir, under the direction of Merle Mustert, also showed potential in its concerts. The traditional Calvin male chorus known as the Meistersingers was not active this year, but hopes to generate new student interest and reband next fall.

Calvin's instrumental groups also changed this year. More students than ever before tried out for each opening in the Orchestra and Concert Band, thus increasing student participation and improving the quality of these traditional Calvin ensembles. Both the Orchestra and the Concert Band have new directors this year. Cornelius Vander Puy and Gerald Bartlett, respectively. Calvin's experimental instrumental group, the Studio Lab Band, worked with modern musical techniques and styles, including jazz and rock music, as well as contemporary and traditional arrangements.

The Collegium Musicum, Calvin's collection of small ensembles, which plays music from the Renaissance and early Baroque periods, underwent some restructuring.

Several of the smaller groups were inactive, but the others, including the Old Instruments Consort, the Chamber Singers, the String Quartet, and the Baroque Trio, grew and improved over the year.



The Capella performed this work of Benjamin Britten on the anniversary of the composer's death.



Mr. Slenk conducts the Capella Choir.





Members of the Capella warm up and relax by massaging each other's backs.





Praise ye the Lord!  
 Praise him in his sanctuary:  
 Praise him in the firmament of  
     his power.  
 Praise him for his mighty acts:  
 Praise him according to his  
     excellent greatness.  
 Praise him with trumpet sound:  
 Praise him with psaltery and  
     harp.  
 Praise him with timbrel and  
     dance:  
 Praise him with stringed  
     instruments and pipe.  
 Praise him with loud cymbals:  
 Praise him with high-sounding  
     cymbals.  
 Let everything that hath breath  
     praise the Lord.  
 Praise ye the Lord!

Psalm 150



Dave Scheers joins more than 500 others in practicing the *Messiah*.



A member of the Calvin Band plays his bass.

Howard Slenk directs the Capella Choir.



Laurie Van Dalen adds the clash of cymbals to the song of praise.

# Ecology Club endeavors to conserve God's world

The activities of the Ecology Club this year were aimed at informing students on ecological issues and involving them in practical projects around campus. The Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship, focusing on Christian stewardship of natural resources, worked with the club in presenting a series of films and discussions on current ecological issues. A bulletin board in the coffee shop and news updates in the *Chimes* kept students posted on upcoming campus events, and legislative changes affecting the environment. The carpool project ran into difficulties, but recycling proceeded quite well.

The smallness and diversity of the group, headed by Alan Pauw, made individual initiative and responsibility essential. A good deal was accomplished by individual members, but the structure of the club made it somewhat difficult for students with little time to participate actively. Individual responsiveness and cooperation were also required on the part of the student body to make the campus projects successful. It is hoped that there will be increased participation in these projects.

The interest shown in the Ecology Club reflected a concern for the environment as it directly affected life at Calvin; but it also revealed a sense of responsibility for stewardship worldwide. Active participation is needed to accomplish the club's aims. It is hoped this interest will continue to grow.

Amy Plantinga  
Member, Ecology Club



Amy Plantinga and Al Pauw, club president, discuss the number and placement of posters they need to advertise a movie on woves.



Amy and her cousin Carl Plantinga are both Ecology Club members.



# Harambee Jahard wants to work together to do good



Harambee Jahard meets at Ivy Grey's Knollcrest apartment to discuss their spring activities.

Harambee Jahard? Until now you have probably never heard of this organization for minority students. Our name means "together to do good." Although all Calvin students are encouraged to join Harambee Jahard, right now all the members are black.

The role of the minority students at Calvin, in my opinion, is to help broaden the cultural views of the student body. Harambee Jahard will try very hard to help the student body become more aware of other cultures. We don't have many members, but we have a strong will and creative minds. With these on our side, we can probably get the job done.

I really feel that Harambee Jahard should be noticed more. We are part of the student body and we are trying to make life at Calvin rewarding for all. Now that you know a little about Harambee Jahard, give us some support.

Ivey Grey  
President, Harambee Jahard



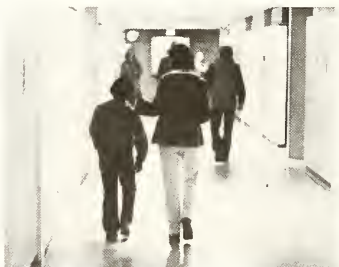
Ivy Grey calls for order when too many ideas are being contributed at once.



KIDS volunteers teach children to swim.



Cheryl Tuinstra helps Bennie, a day-care student, paint her name.



An elementary and a college student together head toward the library.



Jan Caldwell reads Christmas stories to her friends.



KIDS Brother Larry Kueppers eats Thanksgiving dinner with his "little brother" Randy.





## Christian service is KIDS' purpose

The original intent of the KIDS program is expressed in its name: "Kindling Intellectual Desire in Students." Volunteers in the tutoring division work with non-Calvin students, the mentally and physically impaired, native Americans (Indians), and people whose first language is not English. They also assist teachers in area schools. Since it began in 1964, KIDS has expanded its community services, which now include KIDS Brothers and Sisters, clothing distribution, furniture moving, and home maintenance.

"KIDS is very definitely a student program," says Jonathan Bradford, the program's director. He worries that too many people associate KIDS with him, forgetting that student volunteers are the backbone of the organization. KIDS is financed by Student Senate and occasional student contributions. Although various proposals for restructuring the program have been considered, the staff is intent on preserving the student orientation of the program.

This may not be an easy task. The number of requests for KIDS volunteers is increasing, but presently there are not enough interested students to meet the demand. According to Mr. Bradford, "The Calvin student body must take more seriously its Christian social responsibility. We have no right to ignore this Biblical mandate."



Scott VanderLinde and Brian Hoogbald volunteer for the KIDS furniture-moving service.





There has been a *Chimes* staff nearly as long as there has been Calvin College itself. In this 1914 picture are (*seated*) Richard Pousing, Nellie Beekma, Herman Hoeksema, John De Korne, Samuel Dykstra, Cornelia Veltkamp, Peter Van Dyk, and (*standing*) Peter Van Beek, Gerhardus Holwerda, Henry Verduin, Ralph Stob, and William Jonker.



Morose Calvin College in the 1970's lacks a Glee Club. The club's members in 1919 were Garrett Kempers, Lambertus Van Laan, John Haitema, William Rutgers, William Kuk, Richard Frens, Seymour Swets, Nick De Vries, Garrett Vander Lugt, William Rozeboom, Albert Van Dyken, and John Dykstra.

# The organizations we have . . . and the ones we haven't

Once upon a time, not too long ago, filling up yearbook pages was a considerably easier task than it is now. At that time, numerous organizations existed with names like the Groen von Prinsterer Club, the Psychology Club, and the International Relations Club. And who could forget the Senior Men's Literary Club, the Junior Men's Literary Club, not to mention the Senior Women's Literary Club, and, to add a little variety, the Junior Women's Literary Club. Overworked yearbook staffers needed only to obtain a group photograph of each of these organizations, arrange the picture in some suitable fashion on the page, and, presto, a large section of the yearbook was suddenly done. To be sure, the ambitious yearbook editor might procure a paragraph or two of copy on each organization, but that was neither expected nor frequent. On the whole, the organization section was relaxing for all concerned because it demanded little effort from the makers of the yearbook and even

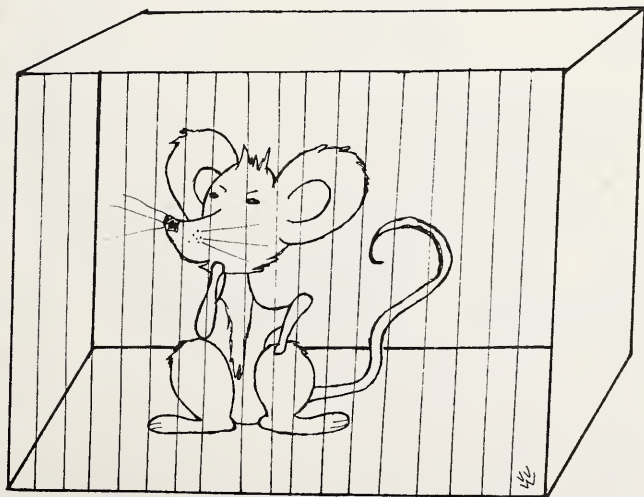
less from its readers.

Nowadays, the task of the yearbook staff is more complicated, partly because today's discriminating readers have discriminated against completely boring sections, but also for the simple reason that many of those old organizations have fallen by the wayside and never been replaced. The old standard yearbook fillers are gone and what are we going to do now? By this point, you are probably completely sympathetic to our plight and are undoubtedly crying aloud with heartrending lamentations. Even if you are not yet in mourning and are, in fact, one of those disgusting people who laugh at the misfortunes of others, you still ought to consider the following question, if only because you might be missing something. Why did all those clubs disappear?

Now the simplest and most common answer is to lay all the blame on that most convenient of scapegoats, student apathy. After all, many of today's

organizations are even now having a difficult time generating enough student interest to stay alive. Perish the thought. Student apathy should never even be accorded the dignity of being called the cause of something else. It can only be a symptom, not a cause.

A more interesting answer would be that although we tend to bemoan the decline in student idealism and activity, we do not have to tolerate the excitedly naive, rah-rah college spirit of past years either. Such enthusiasm would seem strangely out of place in our sober world. Nasty economic realities like our high rate of inflation and the coal miners' strike, the unsentimentality with which contemporary artists depict the world, and the businesslike though friendly leadership of our elected officials suggest that the times are not right for the "ol' college try," at least not now. Meanwhile, do you know how much work it was to fill all those pages?



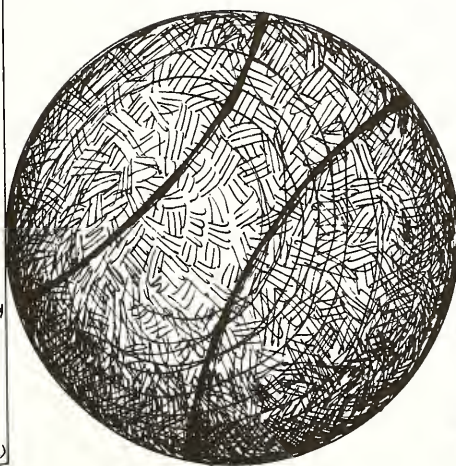
"Psychology Club? What! Psychology Club? I must be the only member!"







CLASSIFICATION OF FUNGI AND OTHER VARIOUS SKEWERED MICROORGANISMS  
COMMONLY FOUND IN THE INTERIOR OF CHAMBERS OF  
DR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME (1)



Sports

## Calvin sports and the call to greatness

Undoubtedly, most people who are at all given to indulging their imagination occasionally find themselves lost in magic dreams of past glories and future greatness. We all enjoy reminiscing about the exciting moments of our lives, remembering the occasions when we momentarily transcended the normal course of our lives. The story well told, the mountain well climbed, and the friendship well made serve to enliven our memories of the past and provide the seasonings by which we spice our otherwise uneventful existence. Similarly, the hope that we will be able to brighten our lives with noteworthy deeds often provides the occasion for many of our most pleasant fantasies. When we were younger than we are now and not too sophisticated, the glories of being a fireman or a tight-rope walker or President of the United States filled our minds. Now that we have seemingly become a bit less naive and more worldly-wise, we may be content simply to dream of that perfect girl, of a satisfying career, or of plump-cheeked children.

And so it is with sports at Calvin College. Amid the daily grind of churning out papers, doing assignments, and preparing for blue books, we often catch ourselves longing for a chance to exchange our self-conscious conventionality for one of those wonderful times when life again seems worthwhile. For many of us, this chance presents itself through sports. Those who actually participate in intramural or intercollegiate athletics can discover the elementary pleasure of intricate teamwork and the thrill of the winning basket or a superior performance. They may not always be the stars of the team, but the possibility of actually doing the magnificent is now close enough to fire the fantasies of even the least imaginative. Others of us must be content to stand on the sidelines but are, nevertheless, able to live with a team as it fights its battles or to experience vicariously the self-forgetfulness

which is etched on the glowing face of the tired athlete. The desired moments of emotional fulfillment or physical excellence are often fraught with a precarious impermanence but that fact merely causes us to attend to games with sufficiently careful diligence so that we will not miss the fleeting instants which enable us to tolerate the regularity of our lives. In any case, the wish to leave the mundane behind and search for a rarely found greatness provides a powerful motivation for the presence of sports at Calvin College.

To be sure, other motivations exist. For example, winning sports teams make for marvelous public relations. Although no one would ever accuse the college of crassly manipulating its student athletes for the sole purpose of spreading the fame of the maroon and gold throughout the land, the college is not at all displeased when the usually fine records of its athletic teams are bruited abroad. In fact, the college is willing to do its own drum beating. One can be sure that a disproportionate share of the *Spark* and the *Calvinia* — Calvin's publications for its alumni — will be devoted to sports. Similarly, the trips of Calvin sports teams to various parts of the country are always well advertised, especially to those who live in the areas in which Calvin teams are traveling. After all, given the known interests of the constituency, to publicize Calvin's athletic prowess is probably the easiest and least dangerous method of preserving a proper public image of Calvin.

But our stock of motivations is not yet depleted. Something about the atmosphere which surrounds the men and women who engage in physical competition continues to draw students into watching or participating. Probably, those students whom some call intellectuals and others call eggheads can not comprehend the easy camaraderie which pervades a locker room when it is filled with chattering preparation for a match or the glowing



An Olivet soccer player kicks up his heels.



A once-tied game is now a Calvin victory.



Kitty Herehty aims and shoots.



Bob Bol dives at the Ferris State meet.



excitement which can fire a gymnasium while a game is in progress. These intangibles which result from experiencing the atmosphere of a sports event may often outweigh the unremarkable black and white reality of the final score, the only thing which remains to be understood by literal minds once the contest is complete. Even the lingo, the ritual phrases which sometimes seem to be as much a part of sports as the athletes, serve to substantiate the pervasively evanescent spirit of sports. Snobs may sneer, but the universal use of the term "coach," even when the "coach" is not "coaching," confers a kind of time-honored significance on the aura which surrounds such people. Similarly, such phrases as "Nice game you're missing, ref!" or "To win, ya gotta put the points on the board" or "Ya gotta keep your eye on the ball, son. Keep your eye on the ball!" do not exactly storm the olympian heights of literary inspiration, but they do provide a certain uniformity which fits in well with the phenomenon of sports. Yes, the magnetic atmosphere of heated gymnasiums and backslapping fellowship is a powerful motivation for the continued existence of sports at Calvin.

Yet, when all is said and done, the desire to punctuate our lives with that moment of excellence keeps underlying our thoughts about sports. That the alumni are a bit too interested in Calvin's sports program is easy to see but the ground of their interest is probably exactly the same as ours. The siren call of vicarious or actual glory is just as tempting to mature educated adults, as it is to students. Similarly, what is the essence of the watchful atmosphere which pervades a sports arena but the experience of greatness? Disinterested thoughts of exercising our bodies may partially account for the presence of sports at Calvin, but they hardly plumb the depths of the phenomenon, either at Calvin or, for that matter, in the world.



Calvin sets the ball up for a point.



Swimming the 200 meter breaststroke is Tom Tabor.



One of Tom Cooper's aerial stunts excites the crowd.



A swim fan watches the MIAA championships.

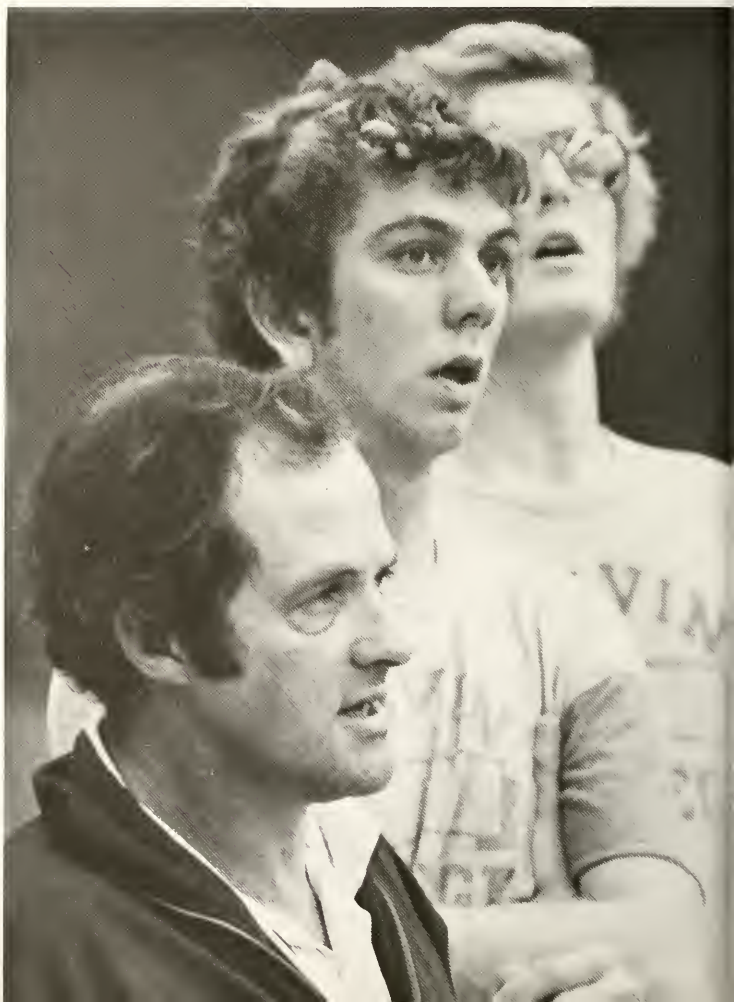




Tom Postma tries to avoid being pinned.



Laura Ludema winks at the photographer during the Hope game.

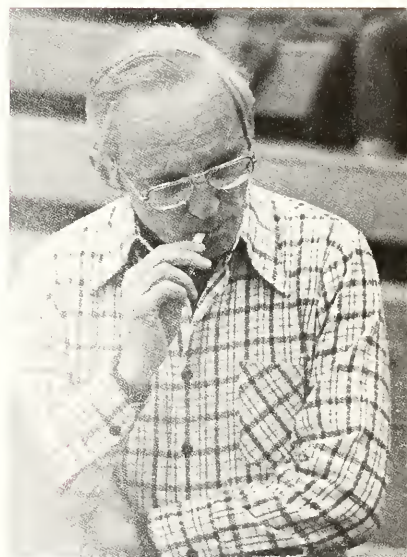
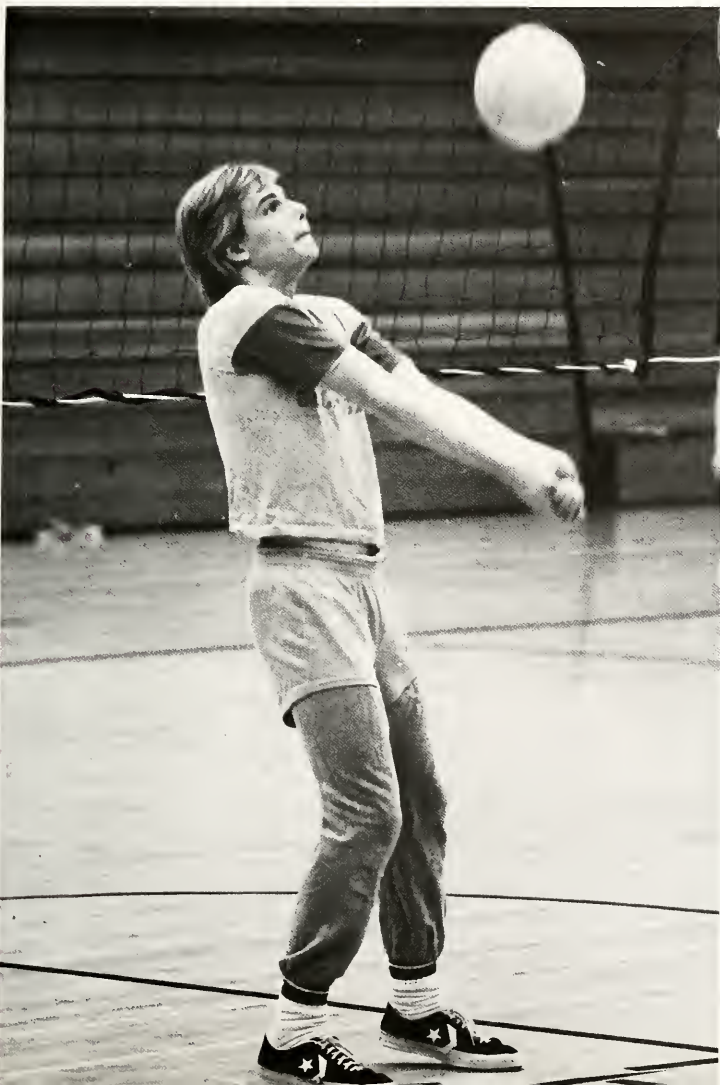


Basketball coach Don Vroon, Dave Van Langeveld and Rick Vander Heide watch the action.





Tom Van Denend passes the frisbee to a teammate in an Ultimate game.



Chaplain Pekelder sucks on a popsicle as he perhaps ponders the outcome of the game.

Joel Dykstra concentrates on his bump.

Sports plays a very important role in the lives of many people. We in America have made millionaires out of sportsmen who would otherwise be working in a factory; we spend much of our time talking and reading about the latest sports events; the national pastime of sitting around the televisions on Sunday afternoons in the fall has brought marriages to naught and given wags an inexhaustible supply of good-natured witticisms. And so much of this fascination with sports is simply for the sake of a chance to see the spark of transcendence which some believe is in all of us. The issues are so starkly defined and so easy to discover. The struggle of men against men or man against himself in sports provides an opportunity which is rarely present in a world where the winner is usually difficult to determine and even more difficult to crown. In some sense, we need to know that greatness is possible.

But we must be careful. This precious opportunity to excel in sports, to rise to a physical challenge, only lasts for a time and then it is gone. We must always return eventually to earth, if only because, in our presently corrupted state, we cannot withstand more than a faintly seen glimpse of immortality. We can, of course, choose to live our lives as if they consisted of these exciting but momentary glimpses, unfortunately mixed with long stretches of boredom. Although this view of life is hardly fully satisfying, it seems to have been chosen by many. For these people, the paths of escape from ordinariness, be they sex, power, education, or, in our case, sports, can become all too well-beaten until, finally, nothing is left but the fond memories of past experiences. The moments of exaltation which sports provides may yield a passing satisfaction, but these moments will not be worth much at all unless they are seen in the context of the meaning which only our ordinary life can bestow.



A happy and alumni-filled crowd watch the Homecoming basketball game.

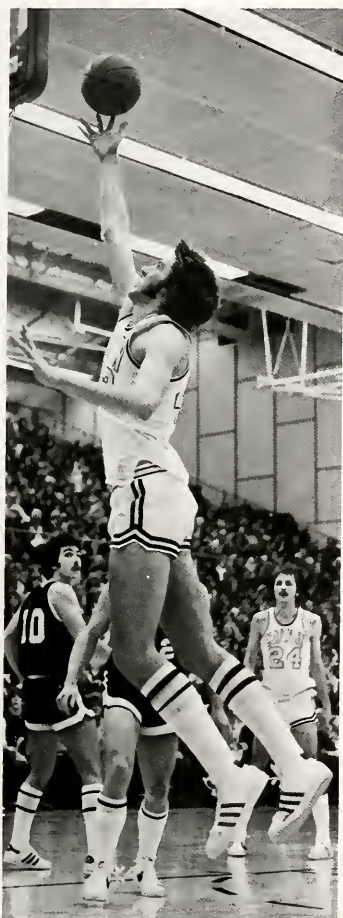


Kate Vander Heide goes after the ball.

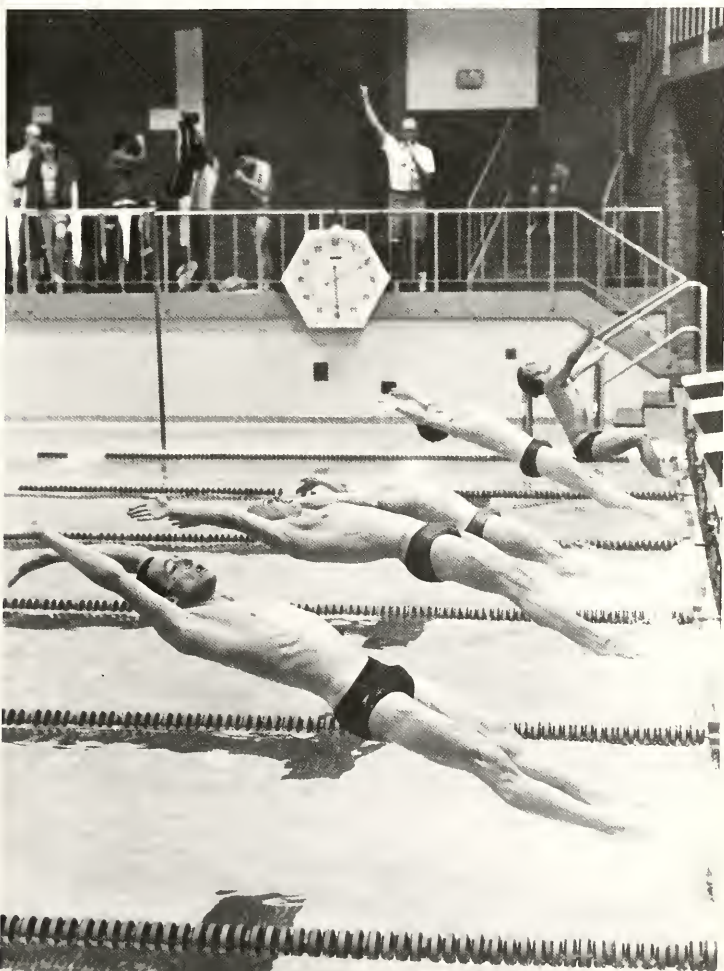




Ultimate Frisbee practice readies the team for competition.



Marty Grasmeyer lets go for two points.



The MIAA Swimming Championships are underway

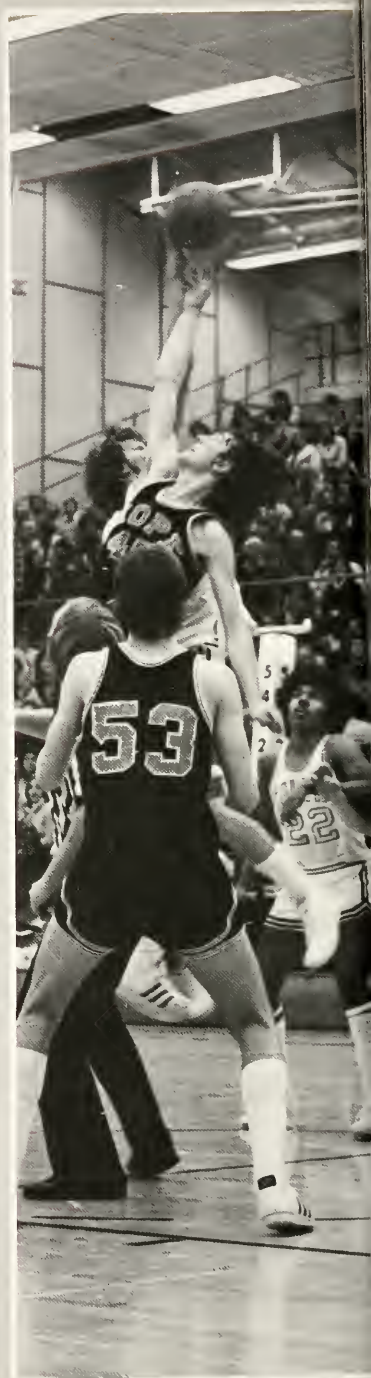




Val Krause checks the final on a swimmer's time.



Carol Schouten helps Beckie Ellens with her aerial.



Marty Grasmeyer outjumps the Hope center.



Shirley Dykstra from KIDS takes a friend to a Calvin basketball game.



Neal Eldrenkamp concentrates on moving those weights.



John Calvin

A. Biography

7. Idiosyncrasies

m. Recreation

i. Sunday sailboating on Lake Geneva

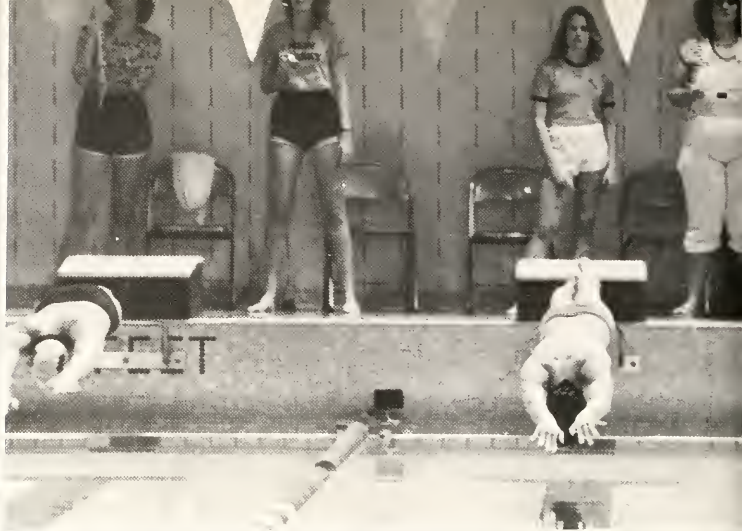
ii. Lawn bowling

iii. Pitching keys as close as possible to the edge  
of a table without sending them off completely

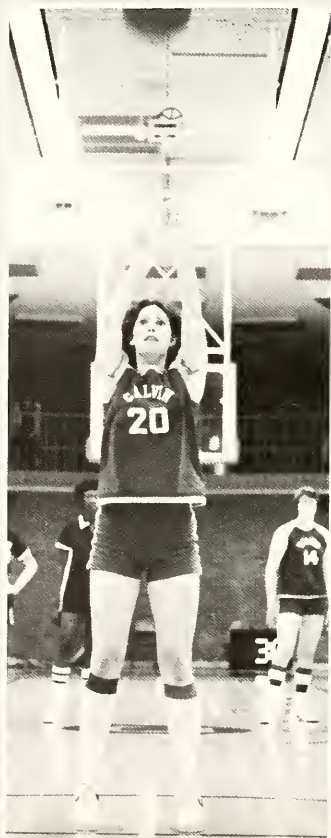








Calvin women start timing races in the MIAA Championship swim meet.



Dean Cortest encourages cross country runner Mike Van Denend.

Kathy Nyenhuis lets go for a free throw.





"Okay, girls, this is what you hit, not the opponent's leg." The referee advises the field hockey team during a time-out.



It's a close encounter in mid-air during a soccer game with Alma.





### Soccer\*

2	Goshen	0
0	Oakland	4
0	Michigan State	1
3	Olivet	1
1	Kalamazoo	1
6	Alma	0
1	Hope	2
2	Albion	1
3	Olivet	1
1	Kalamazoo	0
6	Alma	0
4	Albion	1
3	Hope	1
0	Wheaton	6

9 wins, 4 losses, 1 tie

### Golf

390	Hope	371
383	Adrian	383
388	Kalamazoo	378
399	Olivet	412
415	Albion	386
409	Alma	424
412	Aquinas	425

4 wins, 3 losses

### Field Hockey

0	Central Michigan	7
1	Kalamazoo	1
1	Albion	2
0	Adrian	0
2	Olivet	1
0	Michigan State	6
0	Goshen	1
0	Taylor	1
0	Hope	2
0	Alma	0
0	Western	7
2	Eastern	5
1	Adrian	0
3	Albion	1
1	Alma	2
3	Olivet	1
0	Central Michigan	9

5 wins, 11 losses, 1 tie

### Cross Country

27	Hope	30
15	Adrian	45
22	Alma	35
24	Olivet	31
23	Kalamazoo	36
19	Albion	41

6 wins, 0 losses

\* Calvin's score appears first. At the time this scoreboard was compiled, the spring sports seasons were not finished.

## Volleyball

Dayton	11-15, 6-15
Concordia	15-13, 15-9
Mt. St. Joe	7-15, 8-15
Adrian	12-15, 15-7, 15-7
Lake Superior	15-13, 14-16, 15-7
Hillsdale	15-10, 15-5
Mich. Tech.	15-0, 15-11
Hope	15-5, 15-13
John Wesley	15-10, 15-4
Central Mich.	8-15, 15-10, 14-16
Mich. State	12-15, 1-15
Kalamazoo	15-8, 15-3
Adrian	15-10, 3-15, 15-6
Alma	15-13, 15-13
Adrian	15-5, 15-6
U. of Mich.	15-11, 15-11
Grand Valley	15-12, 15-3, 15-11
Goshen	15-12, 15-0, 14-16
Oakland	15-8, 15-10
Western Mich.	9-15, 15-11, 15-11
Olivet	15-1, 15-13
E. Kentucky	18-16, 11-5, 15-11
Eastern	14-16, 15-9, 17-15
Kellogg C.C.	7-15, 4-15
Alma	15-4, 15-11, 15-4
Spring Arbor	15-1
Hope	15-1, 15-1

27 wins, 13 losses

## Mens Basketball

68	Concordia	77
97	Lakeland	86
75	Grand Valley	74
73	Wheaton	71
65	North Park	89
75	College of Great Falls	82
60	Western Washington	52
92	Sienna Heights	68
74	Aquinas	67
68	Albion	77
57	Adrian	59
65	Alma	67
68	Hope	62
53	Olivet	60
87	Adrian	67
65	Albion	71
74	Adrian	60
94	Lakeland	82
82	Alma	81
94	Kalamazoo	73
75	Hope	69
90	Olivet	75

12 wins, 10 losses

## Womens Basketball

70	Hope	27
57	Ferris State	44
42	Eastern Mich.	63
95	Alma	47
70	Olivet	36
42	Western Mich.	74
53	Grand Valley	58
85	Goshen	41
78	Hope	29
45	U. of Mich.	75
52	Central Mich.	56
53	Mich. State	72
71	Wayne State	60
54	Grand Valley	61
72	Albion	59
60	Adrian	74
79	Alma	43
78	U. of Detroit	68
39	Grand Valley	65
71	Shaw	68

12 wins, 10 losses

## Swimming

83	Adrian	20
47	Ferris State	66
50	Ferris State	63
21	Kalamazoo	91
49	Alma	64
70	Albion	47
46	Valporaiso	59
28	Kalamazoo	85
50	Alma	63
80	Adrian	19
87	Albion	21

4 wins, 7 losses









## The Calvin Community

# The Calvin Community

Believe it or not, we had a very difficult time deciding what to name this section. Some of the more extravagant alternatives were: "Ways and Means at Calvin College," "Two by Two Down John Calvin's Highway," "The 'We do not know what to call this section' Section," and, more mundanely, "Student Life." We finally chose that hoary old favorite, "The Calvin Community," because, quite literally, we could not think of anything better. This section has been asserted by some to consist merely of those aspects of Calvin College which do not fit any of the neat categories of the standard yearbook. If this assertion is an objection, then we are trying to forestall it by admitting that we do not like the name either. However, the editor claims that the section focuses attention on various elements of the community with the result of adding to the understanding of the whole. After you have pondered that one for a while, just turn the page.



For commuters, the Commons coffee shop takes the place of a nearby dorm room.



David Lamse, 3, shares a thought with his grandmother at the Oktoberfest.



Donald Boender, Dean of Men, meets with students.



Even snow does not put an end to the frisbee season.



On warm fall nights who wants to stay inside studying?



# The trials of being a Grand Raptidian and Professor Tiemersma's daughter

*Editor's note: Jane Tiemersma and Patty Markosky, both of Grand Rapids, and Paul Baker, whose latest home is in Indonesia, kept journals of their experiences during their first few days at Calvin. Each was followed by a Prism photographer, whose help during the bewildering registration might have compensated for the annoyance of continual shutter clicking*

After numerous warnings about Grand Rapids cliques, it was somewhat upsetting to be most insistently ushered into the section of the F.A.C. auditorium already filled with my old classmates. Not an auspicious way to start the very first (as opposed to slightly first) orientation meeting. Fortunately, a friendly Canadian was ushered in next to me.

I certainly didn't have to worry about looking like a know-it-all Grand Raptidian before my orientation group; I got lost just outside the doors of the F.A.C. and ended up in the wrong group. (Who told all those parents that they could wander around diverting traffic?) I do wish the college were set up in such a way so that the orientation leaders wouldn't feel obliged to keep saying, "Commuters can come here, too." Maybe I'm naive, but I thought that the campus is for all students.

Come grammar test time, I was again feeling as cheerful as one can while awaiting (grammatical) judgment, especially since one of the English profs kept winking at me in a fatherly fashion that I found most reassuring. After the exam we all trooped over to the "Faculty reception for new students." As far as I could tell, the faculty was ignored (this seemed to annoy the art department, which kept inflating large art-like sausages in front of students to attract their attention), but I was having a fine time dodging the artwork and talking to people, a few of whom actually had something to say after, "What dorm are you in?"

Friday was basically a confusing day (intentionally so, I believe, to prepare us for Saturday's registration). The only thing I was sure of by the end of the registration line tour was that I was

never, ever to let go of the indispensable white and yellow sheet. Also that orientation leaders think freshmen are idiots. Mine asked me if I knew what letter my last name started with so that I could find my registration time. When we were making tentative schedules, he was getting exasperated with me for trying to build mine around English 100.

"Look," he finally said, "there are lots of good English teachers."

"Oh?" I asked innocently. "Like who?"

"Tiemersma. He's a real . . . well, he's very hard, but he's good."

"I don't want to take Tiemersma."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"A little."

"Then why don't you want to take him?"

Ah, the truth comes out. "He's my father."

End of discussion.

On Saturday morning a *Prism* photographer called to ask where he could meet me to start taking pictures. Did I know where the *Chimes* Office is? No. The *Dialogue* Office? No. What *could* I find? I suggested the KIDS Office and hung up. Five minutes later the phone rang. "Hello, this is Phil Spoelhof. Where's the KIDS Office?"

I was late. As I hurried down the hall wondering why he'd asked me to come 45 minutes before my turn to register, I reflected that now I would never have the nerve to ask him to be sparing with the profile shots. I apologized humbly, to which he replied, "Them's the breaks." Terrific. I've got an illiterate photographer. But I let him reorganize my schedule and finally took my place in line, desperately clutching my white and yellow sheet.

At the 20 or so places I had to give my name, I always got one of two responses:

"Tiem . . . T . . . What?" or "Tiemersma? Related to the prof here?"

"Distantly."

I was having a grand time being anonymous. One girl yelled to her friend near

me, "I have to take that awful Tiemersma for English."

"That's not so bad." I told the guy next to me. "I kind of like him. He's rather funny looking, though."

Registration itself is a somewhat unnerving process, particularly when there is a photographer hissing in your ear. "Go talk to your father. Please go talk to your father. I need a picture of that." I didn't want to talk to my father. Everyone who reads the yearbook will think I got special privileges. But, them's the breaks.

Sunday was, as usual, a day of rest and gladness. Going to a hometown college may have its disadvantages, but it doesn't tear me away from my biggest tie, my church, where I belong and where life gets back to normal (except for that fanatic photographer lurking around corners hiding a camera under his suitcoat). I had thought that the constant clicking on Saturday had cured my camera shyness, but I soon discovered great difficulty swallowing normally with a camera focused on my gullet.

Suddenly it was Monday morning. Orientation does nothing to prepare a freshman for the shock of an 8:00 class filled with completely immobile strangers. I was fairly early, but apparently the rest of the class had been sitting motionless since 7:30. I felt as if I had accidentally wandered into a premed class — Cadavers 101, perhaps.

'Twas quite a relief to escape the world of academia and enter the realm of madness (i.e., a multitude of freshmen) at the ice cream social, where, frantically reciting my newly-learned Greek alphabet, I met at least 27 people whose names began with the letter Delta. Afterward, with a fearful premonition that I would have very little time to do anything even vaguely social in the near future, I slogged home in the ever-present rain, thinking wistfully of the dormies who neither had to trudge a mile home in the dark nor write a journal about it.



Jane comments on the high cost of knowledge.



Still another photographer takes Jane's picture during registration.

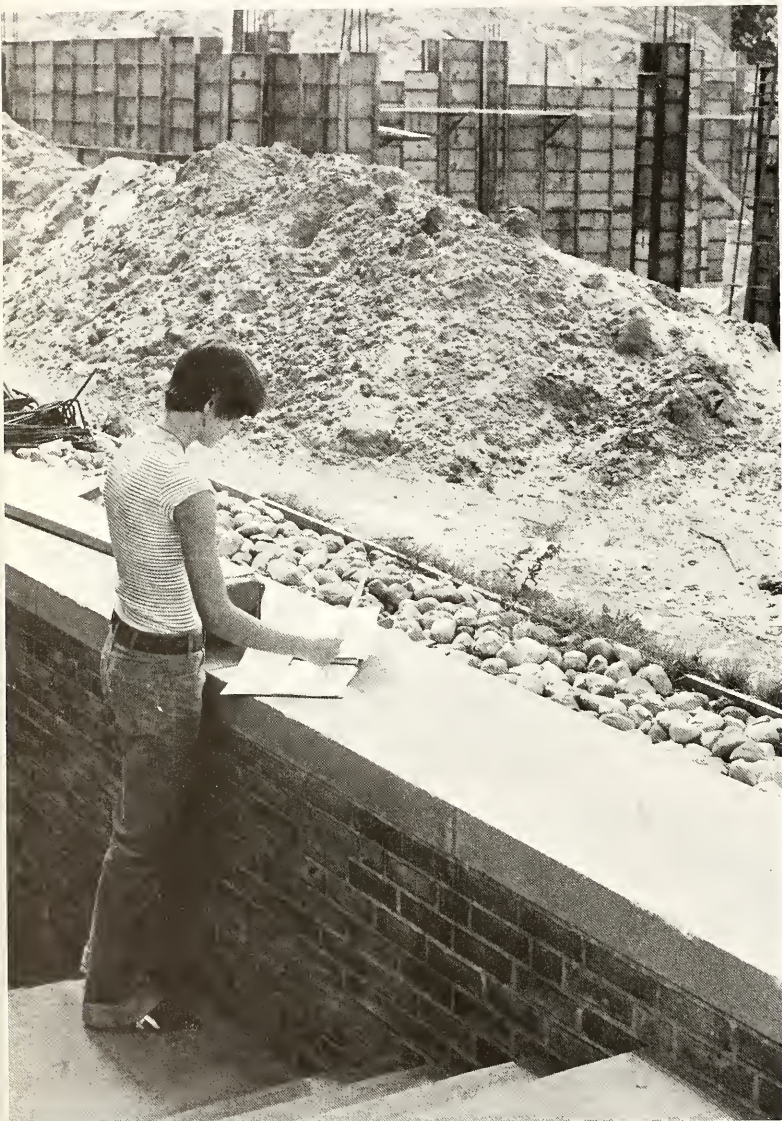


Mr. Tiemersma tends the chops while Jane stays a comfortable distance from the smoke.



Jane caretully plans ner classes so that she will not have English 100 with her father.





Patty pauses outside the library to rearrange her numerous registration forms.



How can I get all the classes I want when so many are in line ahead of me?



Like many other students, Patty is forced to change her schedule when her sections are closed.



# Patty Markosky finds college a new and agreeable experience

Thursday, Sept. 8

Today was the first day of orientation at Calvin College. When I arrived this morning, I knew nobody. But the people are extremely nice. In the F.A.C. auditorium, I was seated beside a guy from California and one from Michigan. I think that this is a great way to bring people from all over the world together. I have never been out of Michigan, and now I will have the opportunity to talk to people from other states and countries.

Friday, Sept. 9

This was the second day of orientation. I didn't feel as lost today. Yesterday, I was told some helpful hints. The F.A.C. resembles both a Pizza Hut (the roof of it) and the cover of a Maxwell House Coffee jar.

Since I am going into the pre-med program, I had to meet with Prof. Bengelink along with the other pre-med, pre-dent, and pre-vet students. He explained the courses required for everyone as well as the courses needed for our particular programs. He also set up a first year schedule which helped very much. I now feel more confident that registration will go well.

Saturday, Sept. 10

It's all over! Registration was a rather trying experience for me as well as for every other freshman. I started at 1:30 and finished completely at 4:00. I was toward the end of the registration list and therefore when I arrived in the P.E. Building, many of the classes were closed.

Last night, I had made out a schedule of the classes and hours I wanted. Everything worked out wonderfully. I had heard and believed that many of the classes and hours I wanted would be closed by the time I registered. But in my mind, I went on thinking that my

prepared schedule would be the true thing. But, as I expected, it wasn't. When I arrived in the gym, I found it a mass confusion of *confused* students. Many were rearranging their schedules around the already closed classes.

My experiences in the gym weren't all that bad. I knew that I wouldn't get all the hours I wanted. But as a matter of fact, I only made one major change from my planned schedule. And I did get all the classes I wanted and only went through one pink slip.

My opinion of registration is that it is a very organized project. The people were extremely nice and helpful. They listened to and advised everyone. Since I am a commuter I need my classes one after another. Everything worked out fine even though it was a little hectic and confusing at times.

Monday, Sept. 12

Today was the first day of school. I had three classes and a lab. I also went to Convocation. For me, Convocation was more or less a new experience. I really didn't know what goes on there. I thought it was going to be like church, but it really wasn't. I enjoyed it.

I have met all my teachers but one. In their own ways, they are exceptional. They are very much different from high school teachers.

Tuesday, Sept. 13

Today, I had a light schedule. French was at 10:30. We went right to work. I am glad to be learning again. It's a beautifully spoken language. At 1:30, I had Political Science. The prof told us his background and asked where we were from.

Wednesday, Sept. 14

I can already see a difference between college and high school. Here



When registration is over, Patty can smile again.

at Calvin, we cover the material in my classes much more quickly, and more material is covered in one day. This leads to more homework for one night. I can see why this happens because here classes meet only two or three, sometimes four times per week, but in high school, classes usually met every day.

So far I haven't met that many people. That is the disadvantage of being a commuter. I hope to meet more people, some of whom I hope to become good friends with.

My overall impression of Calvin is this: it is a very great and highly recommended school made up of wonderful people. The campus is beautiful (with the exception of the mud trench across the grass). I like all my classes and my profs.

# Paul Baker's Great Orientation Escape

Tuesday, Sept. 8

I woke up this morning at what I thought was 9:30, but when I had washed my face and waked up a bit, I realized that it was, in fact, 11:30. I doubt whether I shall ever learn to wake up to an alarm clock. Having nothing particularly important to do, I sat in my room reading and trying to decide whether I ought to go to Orientation at 1:30. Since everyone who knew anything about it had informed me that Orientation is essentially a useless exercise, I decided to absent myself from the day's scheduled proceedings. Besides, I had to buy some essentials for living, so as soon as my brother David, who is also my roommate, returned from registering, we set off for Woodland Mall. On the way we picked up our mail, a good haul, consisting of two letters from home, one bank statement, and two letters from Calvin that had gone twice around the world to reach their destination.

That night I presented myself at a meeting for freshmen who live on the third floor of our hall (Heyns). Few freshmen arrived on time, and it was necessary to wait approximately half an hour until the coffee kitchen was sufficiently crowded to warrant a meeting. Then the R.A.s told us all the do's and don't's of college life, going through the residence hall booklets point by point. We were informed of proper wastebasket usage when an intra-dorm water fight breaks out, and those of us who did not already know were enlightened about the chasm that lies between the acceptable "party-with-music" and the scandalous "dance." Upon the adjournment of the meeting, I returned to my room and, opening all my boxes and trunks, flung the contents hither and thither in a process loosely termed "unpacking." About 2:30 I climbed into my upper bunk, abandoning myself to slumber.

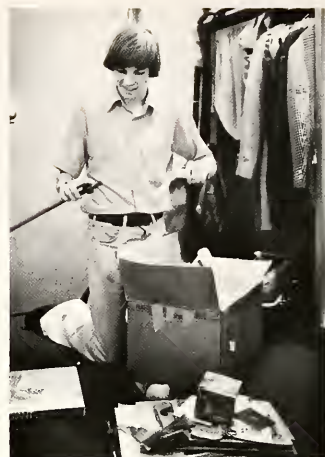
Friday, Sept. 9

The morning started at 9:20. I missed breakfast once again and proceeded to the Student Affairs Office to find out what I should have been doing. I learned that as a consequence of my constant address jumping during the summer, I had received only half my mail. The other half, including the all-important lime-green freshman orientation schedule, had missed me entirely. I had missed the freshman grammar test and was in the process of missing the French placement tests. Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to miss orientation.

Reporting to the F.A.C. at 1:30 to hear a reiteration of the information on academic requirements, I was assigned an orientation leader and reported to the assigned room. The orientation leader arrived 15 minutes late, very flustered, very apologetic, and very vocal about both. The group proceeded to the library where I absented myself from the proceedings. After picking up my registration forms in the library, I returned to my dorm. I changed into my tennis clothes and went to play tennis with my brother.

Saturday, Sept. 10

Registration Day! Since I had stayed up so late last night writing my journal and deciding upon a schedule, I had not had time to fill in all my information cards. Consequently, I had to stop at each registration table long enough to write the same vital facts into innumerable blanks and, finishing that, give my card to the person at the desk. Besides this, my countless bits of paper developed the annoying ability to secrete themselves deep in my folder whenever they were most needed. Each time a card was asked for, a great search ensued, which, almost always, involved my taking the overburdened



While unpacking, Paul rediscovers a favorite possession — his kris from Indonesia.

folder completely to pieces. When the initial labyrinth was run, I went to a history professor for counselling. After waiting for several minutes, I was counselled, and I put together a fairly adequate schedule. I then was advised to go to the English Department area to see if I could get into the Honors section of English 100. This operation required yet another lengthy counselling session and a complete change of schedule so that by the time I had finished in the library, I was hopelessly behind. I then hurried off to the gym, where I was allowed to pass through the throngs of waiting freshmen because I was so far behind the others in my alphabetical group. When at length I was released onto the floor of the gym, I scurried about for some ten minutes, trying to get all of my classes. Once again, I was forced to play hide-and-seek with my computer cards but finally was able to get every course I wanted but Religion. I left the gym clutching my schedule and feeling extremely depressed by the whole process. Returning to my dorm, I threw myself upon my bunk and slept all afternoon in an attempt to drown my depression.



Paul fills out a student information form, "trying to decide, on the spur of the moment, answers to the most diverse and soul-searching questions."



Paul and his brother David, who is also his roommate, eat supper at the Commons after the 5:00 rush.

"Each time a card is needed, a great search ensues, which almost always involves my taking the overburdened folder completely to pieces," Paul writes.



# Calvin recruits diverse student body

Eighty percent of the students at Calvin are Christian Reformed. The remaining twenty percent, a substantial minority of students, comes from various racial and religious backgrounds. Fifteen different religious denominations are represented at Calvin.

What is it that brings these non-Christian Reformed students to Calvin? Not to be Dutch and/or Christian Reformed definitely poses extra problems for these minority students. For one thing, the natives here use a special jargon that is understood only by those who are Christian Reformed, expressions such as "synod," "*The Banner*," "CRC" and "SWIM." Also, the question that is often asked of these students, "You're not Christian Reformed?" is embarrassing. Then, "What are you doing here?" tends to make them feel like outsiders.

Last year, the administration department wanted to know the answer to that very question and sent a questionnaire to all of the students who were

not Christian Reformed. The response was very positive. "I wanted a Christian atmosphere. I found what I was looking for" and "the solid academics presented in a stimulating Christian context has helped me to grow both spiritually and academically" were some of the responses.

The admissions department in recent years has made special efforts to enroll students of other denominations. Calvin advertises in periodicals that are read by young Christians of all denominations, and the admissions department has sent representatives to talk about Calvin at many interested churches that are not Christian Reformed.

Exposure to students of other races and churches can only add to the total learning experience to be discovered at Calvin. As the booklet sent to prospective students by the admissions department says, "Meet the people smorgasbord at Calvin."



Prospective freshmen get a tour of Calvin's facilities.



A Calvin student shows a "Fridays at Calvin" group the biology labs.



Dean Miller discusses possible major programs with some high school seniors.



A student listens intently to a discussion of proper paragraph construction.

## Pursuing good grammar and style

It's gray — early in the morning;  
there's coffee in my cup  
The morning d.j.'s hawking first-  
edition news and noise  
Well, I hear but I don't listen —  
I'm like an engine missin' pistons —  
I got those Monday-morning English-  
teacher red-pencil blues.

Mary Hietbrink, Assistant  
Instructor of English, from  
*Dialogue*, November 1977

"I say to my students, 'Look, I won't bore you in class if you won't bore me with your essays.'" If freshman English is an adversary course, students feel, "There's never anything I do right." We always begin with the notion that there is so much they can do; I'm amazed at all they can do.

Charlotte Otten,  
Associate Professor of English



Even in an English 100 class, students can find something to laugh about. Mrs. Otten teaches this section.

English 100 concerns everyone. Even those students who are not concerned with it. Every year many students try to exempt from it. The few who manage to evade English 100 often regret it, for the course does not deal with irrelevant material or material only of significance to English majors. Since all students in any discipline must do some writing, the student who never took English 100 seriously or who never took it at all probably will find himself at a disadvantage. It is after, if not during, the time that one takes English 100 that he begins to understand the importance of it. Until then, he sits beneath a heap of loose leafs wondering if college is really what he wants.

Jeannette de Gier



Brenda Van Harten and a companion study the freshman English textbook, which is new this year.





Bicycles occupy a great deal of space in some dorm basements.



The perpetual problems of finding a seat in the library increase near exam time.



How can three girls with lots of clothes divide closet space for two?



# A case for zero population growth at Calvin

Calvin College is growing bigger and one need only attend Calvin for a short time to realize that most of the effects of that growth are definitely not improvements. These effects are too numerous to list exhaustively, but a few may be mentioned here. Parking spaces are becoming increasingly difficult to find. The telephone system is inadequate, especially for commuters who wish to contact residents and vice versa. Class sizes are larger, particularly in some survey courses. Currently, students and professors must again accommodate themselves to the construction of new additions to the campus. The snack bar has lost what little friendliness it once possessed and has become the epitome of gleaming aluminum ugliness. Students feel increasingly anonymous in a college which sells itself as being small and personally oriented. The Manor House lawn has been defaced with an unsightly tarred road. Traffic patterns around the new Burton Street exit are even less efficient than they were with the old exit. The appearance of the Commons is marred now that the enlargement of the bookstore is completed. Five people must now live in dormitory suites built for four. The professional quality of the faculty has been affected since so many

new teaching positions needed to be filled. The new Hieminga Hall addition is covering up the greenery of the Calvin campus; the proposed new Student Center will only hasten that process. One could continue in this vein for some time, but the point has been made. Calvin College is too big.

In the light of all these problems which seem so clearly to be a direct result of an increased student population, one wonders why the college is so pleased by the fact that enrollment is going up. For this phenomenon of accelerating enrollment was not unplanned and undesired; it is not a phenomenon by which the collective face of the administration and faculty is collectively blanched. On the contrary, the current state of affairs was both planned and desired. The administration has stated repeatedly that one of the goals of the college is to maintain a stable enrollment of some four thousand students (cf. *Chimes*, Jan. 14, 1977). Over the past five years, Calvin has stepped up the extent and sophistication of its recruitment campaign, hoping to make the present overcrowded conditions permanent (cf. *Chimes*, April 15, 1977). Calvin plans to alter its curriculum so that it can attract more students (cf. *Chimes*, Jan. 21, 1977). The physical plant is presently being enlarged to accommodate as many as five thousand students (cf. *Chimes*, April 22, 1977). Again, one could continue this list indefinitely, but the point has been made. Clearly, one of the college's goals was to achieve and maintain the current over-populated state of affairs.

But that observation merely returns one to the original question. Why? Why is an enrollment of four thousand students so much better than an enrollment of three thousand students when all the evidence seems to suggest that four thousand is too many? Why is the college so elated by the fact that more students than ever before are attending Calvin? Such questions are difficult to answer, but one thing we do know is that a basic element of the contempo-

rary American mindset is the notion that bigger is better. Could it be that the college has unwittingly accepted this notion which is so prominent in the surrounding secular society? Could it be that despite Calvin's proud claims of being able to analyze and isolate the assumptions of non-Christian thought, the college has failed in this particular instance to resist the influence of one of these assumptions, namely, the belief that bigger is better? Could it be that, once again, Christians have allowed a non-Christian belief to help make their decisions for them? If these questions can be answered affirmatively, then the college's pleasure about the latest enrollment figures is easy to understand. But affirmative answers to these questions would also suggest that Calvin College is continuously being influenced by the secular world in ways which it will never completely comprehend. The fact that Calvin is a Christian college neither implies that its actions are necessarily Christian nor that its decisions are free from outside control. This final observation is not new, of course, but it is sobering and one which must be iterated, time and time again. Thus, to be more specific, one must reiterate that, contrary to the belief of mainstream American society, bigger is often not better, but worse.

"Forum — Steve Krosschell,"  
reprinted from *Chimes*, Oct. 7, 1977



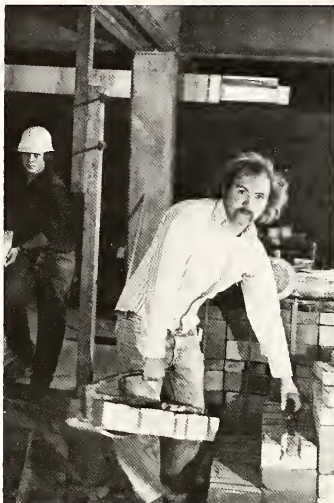
Rarely are there parking spaces in the F.A.C. lot after 8:00 or 9:00 a.m.

## Additions alter Calvin's landscape

Coming back to the campus this year was a bit disappointing to many students. Construction was going on everywhere. Great piles of ugly brown earth covered up last year's well groomed grass. Still more unnatural were the trucks, toolsheds and building materials scattered everywhere.

Over the summer five projects were begun. The addition to Hiemenga Hall was well ahead of schedule and certainly will be available next fall. Two extensions were added to the Commons. One expanded the coffee shop and doubles as a place for meetings or a small banquet space. The other extension was completed by the time school began. The bookstore was still remodeling with the extra space provided quickly being put to use. Two more finished and available projects were the Burton street entrance and the new Knollerest apartment complex.

Calvin uses its space to capacity with few rooms empty during peak class hours. Although not new this year, more night classes were scheduled to alleviate overcrowding. When asked if night classes will continue after the construction is finished, Henry Dewit, Vice Pres. for Business and Finance said that perhaps there will be more instead of fewer evening classes. Many students prefer these classes because they leave the day free for jobs. The class on the endangered list is the 3:30-4:20 hour. This class is inconvenient for those who participate in sports and, for some students, it affects their supper and/or job.



The faces of workmen like Doug Prins and Steve Caro are becoming as familiar as those of the students.



Calvin has its own small version of the Alaskan pipeline.



A workman lays bricks while a few feet away in the coffee shop students take a study break.





At Thanksgiving, the addition to Hiemenga Hall is finally more than a hole in the ground. However, students from the Science Building still pass dirt piles and trucks on their way to the library.



Trees had to make way for the addition to the Commons.



Mountains of earth threaten to grow as high as the Science Building

Are Calvin's needs met with the construction of the last year? Basically, yes. Enrollment has almost reached its peak and unless this changes, large scale construction will not be needed in the near future. Some other plans however, could go into effect if enough donations are received. One of the top priorities is another apartment complex across the Belhline. Others include a Student Center (to be placed between the Library and Commons), a small addition to the Library to house the Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship, and a classroom wing extending from the Science Building.



# The advantages and disadvantages of living at home

Driving to school each morning, the commuter encounters a world not his own. If, having left Jenison at 7:15 for his 8:00 class, he is fortunate enough to arrive in time to find a space in the F.A.C. parking lot, he is also fortunate enough to slip into the not-yet-awake Calvin Community quite unnoticed. If, however, he comes in later on Tuesday for a 10:30 class, he must enter an already moving society, one to which he is intensely aware of not belonging. And so, in shameful fear of being recognized as an intruder, he sneaks in through the College Center back door.

The commuter-intruder then hurries to a convenient shelter. He may barricade himself in a Library carrel, becoming one of the 1200 ferrets (but only if he gets in by 8:45), or else seeks warmth in the coffee shop among those who also, not belonging, search out sympathetic companions to escape the searing stare of the Community. Having been made aware of his loneliness by repeated calls for a unification of commuters, he is keenly aware, too, of the futility of any sure bonding with those he sees only in other car pools on I-196. Thus it is that he lives on the banal conversation within the smoke of the coffee shop.

This, the coffee shop, is the intruder's closest approach to penetrating the labyrinth of organizations that self-assuredly term themselves "Community." From the third-floor windows of the Library, the circle of standing dorms and cafeterias stretch out before him as a cold and defiant Stonehenge, whose initiates and priests, occasionally identifying themselves by their dorm tee-shirts, he sees in procession each morning at 7:40, tight-lipped on their way to breakfast. They are seen as well at night, should the intruder dare to reenter the Library, occupying all of the carrels after 3:20.

The Library: his home. From here he forays into the Community for classes, or for sandwich and apple lunches by himself. In the Library he finds the books which he needs, but which he must leave behind each afternoon.

Here he must do his research before the rest of the car pool is ready to go. At home, he feels the distance of a half hour, or one gallon of gas, one way. Seventeen miles from the magazines, from the concerts, from the lectures, movies, observatory, colloquia, language lab, student meetings, Community.

The distance enrages him. He must work nights at Meijer's to fund the vital auto and transportation costs. He must further share one hour per day with other intruders who are notoriously late every morning, and whose shallow niceties he must, being relatively interested in some harmony, put up with. With them he must risk the snow-covered and slippery streets and crawl along two-lane roads up hills behind ponderous trucks. One hour a day shot just for the sake of living at home.

"Home," a hollow word. In his first year he was lured by overprotective parents into believing that he is in reality very secure among his friends, siblings, and home church. Gradually a tarnish spreads. Former friends, not at college, form their own circles of friends, and despising their ignorance, he couldn't care less. Siblings, television, conversations, stereos continuously interrupt his studies. And relatives, forever relatives! He must, he knows, be civil to the silly neighbors and deaf uncles who continually infest the kitchen directly above his unheated study area. Any complaints are met illogically by ridiculous claims of how really good he has it compared to the poor, lonely wretches in the dormitories and how his parents are so very kind to allow him to live with them so shut up and mow the lawn while his father watches television all night. "So very kind to allow him to live," he does not, however, live at home: he merely exists.

Between classes, timidly sharing in a conversation with dormies, he laughs with them at Saga, sympathetically nods at stories of callous roommates, and curses dorm regulations. But waiting in the Library lounge, or enduring

the 30-minute ride home with freshman girls crooning with WGRD, he envies the residents of the dorms. Whatever the realities, their life and not his — of this he is absolutely convinced — is the one of the true Community.

The writer requested that his name be withheld for fear that the article would hurt his parents.

At the beginning of second semester I moved from my parents' home into a house with some of my friends. The move was accomplished after a very short planning period and with a minimal amount of emotional stress. My move was one in a progression of acts that I have taken and will continue to take as I become surer of my ability to exist independently. Now that I am out of my parents' home, I can look back with detachment on the advantages and disadvantages of living at home.

Most students at Calvin don't have to decide whether to live at home or not because their homes are too far from school to make that a viable option. Because my home is in Grand Rapids I had to make that decision when I entered Calvin. I was very content to live at home for two reasons. First, living at home was economically practical. My parents very generously provided me with free room and board. Not only did they pay the bills, but they also did many things for me that saved time and money. My father was able, or almost always able, to fix things that broke, like clogged drains, broken windows, and record players. If he weren't able to fix the problem, he was the one who paid to have it fixed. My father, aside from being a practical and monetarily useful person to have around, was also handy at getting rid of mice and other vermin. My mother, too, was an asset in our home. Although she had an outside job, she assumed in addition the responsibility of taking care of our house. Mom was the cook, the maid, the laundress, and



"...enduring the 30-minute ride home with freshman girls crooning with WGRD, he envies the residents of the dorms."

many other things. Of course we all helped with the work, but she was the one who made sure that the work was done and that it was done well. Living with my parents made life very easy for me because they took care of most of the mundane, daily jobs that are necessary in life.

More important than the economic advantages that I received from living at home was the supportive atmosphere there. Although my family and I had occasional tiffs and some major disagreements, the love and concern that we shared enabled us to work out most problems that occurred. The love of my family was shown in quiet ways, during family meals, daily conversations, and 10:00 study breaks. This atmosphere of love created a very secure, warm environment for me to live in as I went to college.

The loving atmosphere that was one of the major advantages of living at home was also a disadvantage. I found that with parental love also came parental expectations for behavior and obedience. I had come to a point where

I saw myself as an adult with certain childish regressions. My parents saw me as their child who was striving towards adulthood. In my situation the concern and love of my parents became too demanding and prohibitive. There is the potential for this problem to develop in any child/parent relationship. It is very difficult for parents to determine when and in what areas of their child's life they should relinquish their demands. I found that this disadvantage was aggravated by the close proximity of my parents and myself.

The second disadvantage I found in living at home was that I did not meet many new people at Calvin. Coming from Grand Rapids I already knew many students and faculty members. Yet, because I was only meeting new people in the classroom where it is difficult to get to know them, my circle of friends did not grow. Thus, the disadvantages of living at home are both socially oriented.

This has been a very subjective discourse on the advantages and disadvantages

of living at home. For each person, there are variations on these issues. Everyone must leave home sometime. The time depends on whether the advantages or disadvantages are stronger. I don't regret the time I spent living at home during college. Neither do I regret leaving home. Leaving home no longer has the negative connotations that it did in my grandmother's youth, when it was thought that only a "wild girl" would leave her parents' home. Nor is leaving home an act of rejection as it is when a child runs away from home. Living at home is natural for all people during a certain time of their life, but it is also very natural to leave and establish a home apart from their parents.

M. Lucasse



## Phone system plays Cupid

"If only the phones worked as well as the Calvin Grapevine."

"Alexander Graham Bell would cry great crocodile tears if he knew how his invention doesn't work."

"Just think, everyone at Calvin has a party line!"

"No line at all? We won't fall for the administration's vague promises. We want action!"

Although sardonic amusement is probably the only way to cope with the Calvin telephone system and still retain a measure of sanity, one still wishes that some of the inconvenience of the system could be eliminated. When glacier, fire, flood and famine strikes that old hometown of yours, and you would like to know the status of your family's health, you will not appreciate the condition of that (expletive deleted) phone on the wall. Similarly, how many Calvin mothers complain, "Why can't I talk to my little Susie, or Basje, or Squirrely?"

Yet "The System" bears a redeeming quality. The confused phones, specifically party lines, offer a unique possibility for the general enhancement of your social life. Indeed, the rumors you've heard are true! Hundreds of current Calvin lovers did first meet on an extemporaneous party line date. It happens like this: you pick up the phone to make a routine call to mother, only to greet the suave voice of Prince Charming. He casually asks your name, while all of Van Dellen Hall listens. You coyly answer, "Beverly." Hearts throb, break, even burst! Noor-dewier Hall provides a romantic rendition of the Oscar-Meyer Wiener song. Love is in bloom. These telephone dates may be blind, but they certainly aren't deaf!



"Hello, Mom? This is Rolf. Could you send me some money?"



Mary De Graaf uses the most popular phone on campus.



Sandy Brayman works as a switchboard operator.



# Cynicism loses out



Professor Paul Henry, head of the Kent County Republican Party, introduces a man who needs no introduction.



President Ford greets students on the way to Gezon Auditorium. Secret Servicemen are right behind him.

While Jerry Ford's visit to Calvin College on October 5, 1977, was not an event which threatened to make the front pages of the nation's newspapers, it certainly deserves a place in the college yearbook. Odd as it may seem, the manner in which the school received the ex-president was interesting, not so much for what it revealed about nice, unassuming, staid Jerry Ford as for what it revealed about Calvin itself.

In spite of the recent disrepute into which the office of the presidency has fallen, in spite of the amused cynicism with which most people regard politics and political figures, the visit of Jerry Ford still managed to inspire a certain air of hushed enthusiasm. Students, administrators and matronly executive secretaries lined the corridors from President Diekema's office to the Gezon Auditorium, waiting to shake the hand that had once belonged to a president. When Ford did emerge and the chosen few were able to touch his fingers, the crowd dissipated, oddly satisfied, having seen what they had come to see. Inside the Gezon, Ford lectured for some time on topics of an academic nature and then opened the floor to questions. The questioners were clearly bored with academics. After all, they had come to see a president, a man who had known power. Consequently, the questions were mostly of cosmic import; they dealt with all the great problems that confront our nation. The mystique of power, the mystique of authority, the mystique of royalty overpowered the seemingly obscure academic issues that colleges normally discuss.

Hey, Calvin College, what are you anyway? Are you the somnolent academic institution you pretend to be? Or does the excitement raised by the visit of a man who is no longer president suggest that the thundering heartbeat of national existence is not so far removed after all from the hearts and minds of those at mild, unassuming, staid Calvin College.

## Sunday evening concerts excel

There are many ways in which the Sunday Night Entertainment Committee could be described. For example, statistically, it is composed of Dean Stob and four students, it is six years old, it puts together four or five concerts a year, and it is referred to as S.N.E.C. But somehow that doesn't do the full job. Perhaps this assignment can better be done by explaining that the purpose of the Committee is to provide regular opportunities for personal religious growth and stimulation through the medium of concerts. But again, something is missing, even when the two descriptions are taken together. That "something" is the meaning and conviction of the Committee. That "something" is seen best in the groups which S.N.E.C. asked to perform in 1977-1978.

*Selah*, brought back by popular demand, opened the series. The members of the group believe that music without the message of the regenerating power of Jesus Christ is not music at all.

In November, *Glad* topped off a Sunday night by exhibiting both in lyrics and music a high standard of excellence. They were not satisfied with merely reporting the joys and sorrows of life, but commented on them, seriously and deeply.

*Simeon* came highly recommended since they are to be the leading concert group at this year's Young Calvinist Convention. Their excellence in music entertainment was exceeded only by their sincere desire to have their audience become a part of their music.



A member of *Selah* sings of God.



The audience awaits *Selah*.





*Simeon* performs on February 12, 1978.

At the time of this writing, there is yet one more major concert to be given by a group of actors/singers/musicians named the *Jeremiah People*. They use a unique way of sharing. Through drama they expose us as we are; through music they confront us with a challenge; through humor they make us laugh at ourselves; through Christ they bind us together as a family.

Yet one more word must be included in the list describing S.N.E.C., and that is: versatile. The future Sunday Night Entertainment Committees will look back on the 77-78 committee as the one that began experimenting with the ideas of showing religious films, such as the "Hiding Place," and putting on miniconcerts in the Cave, featuring local performers.

Chuck Westhouse  
S.N.E.C. member



*Simeon* plays before the set of the *Mikado* — but some members of the audience thought that the group brought the scenery with them.



## No order from Chaos but students had fun

Life, for many incoming freshmen (and even some sophomores) is confusing and chaotic. Jammed with one or more roommates into a matchbox-sized room almost identical to 124 other rooms in each of the six complexes, a new student feels anonymous. The process of orientation can just as readily be called disorientation, for when an adventurous soul leaves the safety of his dorm, he often loses himself in a maze of brick buildings which he cannot tell apart.

To bring newcomers into contact with others who similarly feel baffled and bewildered, the dorm staffs sponsor an event appropriately known as Chaos Day. When the intra-dorm mixer started nine years ago, Donald Boender, Dean of Men, was apprehensive about whether it would work. Today he considers it very effective, for how can a student remain at a distance from his fellow dormies when he is squashed in the middle layer of a squirming, teetering human pyramid?

Since Chaos Day athletes need not

be superjocks, everyone is encouraged to participate. Even those who only root from the sidelines feel the dorm spirit and unity which can last throughout the year.

Noordewier-VanderWerp surprised their fellow residents this year with talent they had not shown previously. They won the first two events of the day with decisiveness and confidence. But soon they experienced the determination of the well-chosen, well-practiced teams of the other dorms and the apartments. Points were added onto everyone's scores as water balloons were tossed, three-legged, two-headed creatures ran, and spoons found their way up, down, in, and out of peculiar places. The score stayed extremely close up to the final tug-of-war. The outcome of the day was a three-way tie among Beets-Veenstra, Schultze-Eldersveld, and Rooks-Van Dellen. Boer-Bennink, Noordewier-Vander Werp, and Bolt-Heynes followed close behind.



Although the men may have stronger arms, in the Chaos Day wheelbarrow race, the women carry the greater load.



When Dean Boender tallies up the score, students check his addition.



Adrianne Stuart and Fred Knip find that an inner tube big enough for one is a close fit for two.



Even the ties of a large Dutch family are not as complicated as those between participants in the string game.



If a pyramid is collapsing, hauling oneself up by the seams of someone else's jeans will probably not help.



Henry Vander Wey thinks strong arms and strong lungs will help Bolt-Heyns win the tug-of-war. Bolt-Heyns lost.





Members of "Your Use of God's World," an Interim class taught by the Center staff, share a laugh during the last session.

## Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship studies stewardship of God's resources

The desire of men of western mind to subdue nature has consequences whose devastating effects have become increasingly evident in our own environment and throughout the world. Not only do air and water pollution mar what was formerly beautiful, but also the desire to wrest from nature whatever one can, regardless of one's fellow human beings, has become a fact of everyday existence. Thus, in a time of growing awareness of crisis, the topic "Christian Stewardship of Natural Resources" was chosen for the first Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship.

The Center, whose members include three Calvin Professors, two Calvin students and two fellows from outside the college, studied and researched the di-

verse aspects of the world today. A strong emphasis was placed on studying the history of ideas about nature — how for centuries western man regarded nature as mere raw material which fueled the process by which he would gain ascendancy. Much of the Center's work focused on the juridical and economic questions involved. May we who are rich continue to monopolize the world's resources, subjugate the peoples of the third world through the power of our corporations, and use our own economic and political clout to perpetuate an unjust system?

The group also investigated the concrete problems of energy and food. Faced with critical situations in both of these areas throughout the world, it is imperative that Christians should be

involved both in proposing solutions and in responsible action. God's promise of food for the hungry and relief of the oppressed shall be made manifest.

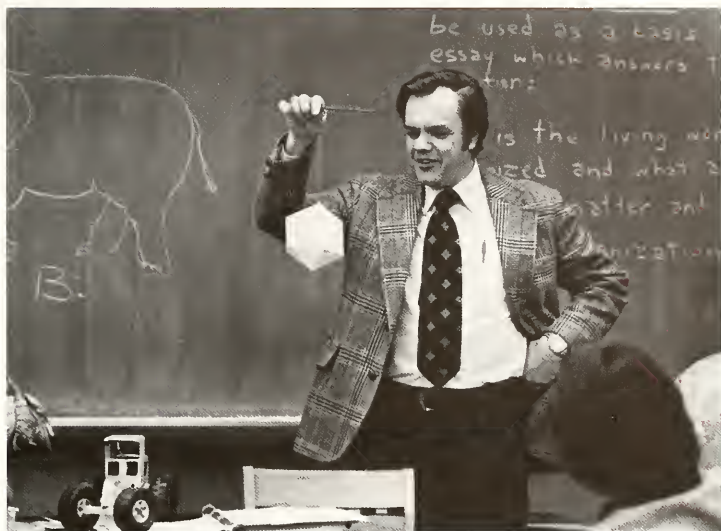
The Center will publish a book on its findings later this year. Possibly those who read it will be spurred to action for the Lord's sake. Often it seems that even we, a Christian community, can absorb any amount of injustice, starvation, pollution, and general chaos in the world without the slightest tremor of genuine concern. The Center hopes that the work it does this year will be received in a different spirit.

Derk Pereboom  
Student Member  
Calvin Center for Christian Scholarship





The Center scholarship is not casual, but the dress sometimes is. Peter De Vos is ribbed about wearing blue jeans and a sweatshirt.



Calvin De Witt, a Center fellow, illustrates his Biology 111 lecture on models. He is holding a model of a virus.



Students Derk Pereboom and Aileen Van Beilen end their afternoon at the Center by discussing how to get a ride home.

Loren Wilkinson tells the Interim class how to work to conserve world resources.



Professor G. Vos



The Franklin Street campus is dedicated in this picture taken sixty years ago. Dr. Henry Beets sits at the left.

# The Reformed Dutch influence at Calvin College

As Reformed Christians we face a dark future here in America. People in the Netherlands have no idea of how the whole of America drinks from the fountains of Methodist Arminianism, and the young people of our church also lean in that direction. We scarcely know how to preserve them. If, as many prefer, we choose to remain isolated as Hollanders, we will be signing our own death warrants. But the other option, swift Americanization, often results in even more disastrous consequences. (Rev. John Vander Mey writing to Dr. Abraham Kuypers<sup>1</sup> in 1896).

In all likelihood, Rev. J. Vander Mey's dilemma seems quaint and distant to most of us. Since the two world wars, we have seldom questioned the virtue of Americanization. In fact, during World War II, the issue of the hyphenated American hardly raised a national eyebrow. It was completely unfashionable to be anything but a red-blooded American. Thus, to raise Vander Mey's troubled inquiry on this page in 1978 might seem utterly anachronistic, but, however you may label it, the consequences of Vander Mey's concern have survived at Calvin College, and a renewed interest in ethnicity invites us to re-examine the process of Americanization among ourselves.

The tide of ethnic awareness has certainly swept into the general Dutch-American community. Calvin's library provides genealogical data to scores of "root" seekers, and on campus, Professor Lagerwey's imperative to *Speak Dutch* has elicited an obedient and growing clientele. The "Mother Tongue," while once the nearly exclusive preserve of pre-Seminary students acquiring a "reading knowledge" of Dutch, has now been adopted by a generation which grew up thinking that *vies* could be found in Webster's New World Dictionary. It is significant, however, that those who may only be caught up in a faddish search for their roots, have been able to discover both the tools and source materials for their research at Calvin College. In some sense, that testifies to the path which the college took while confronting Vander Mey's dilemma.

Between 1908 and 1932, Vander Mey was Calvin's Educational Secretary (a titular euphemism for fund raiser), and

while holding that office he was able to support and advance an institution which offered a partial solution to the concerns he outlined while corresponding with Dr. Abraham Kuypers in 1896. By the 1920's, the college had become a safe harbor in which the Dutch youth could be nurtured for professional careers in America without being overwhelmed by its secularism and apostasy. These students were to be in America, but not completely of it.

Answering the question, "What do we want our school to be?", a slick brochure published in 1910 declares, "We want to give our young people a thorough education which agrees with the grounds of our Reformed Confessions. The college is a protest against the unchristian — yes, even anti-Christian education given in many of the colleges of our day."

The "grounds of our Reformed confession" are, of course, the canons of Dordt, the Belgic Confession, and the Heidelberg Catechism. Although these are clearly international confessions, two of the documents came directly from the culture of the low lands. More pointedly, the Dutch immigrants who founded Calvin College had acquired their ecclesiastical self-definition as a byproduct of their struggles to interpret and maintain a faithful rendering of the Dordtian Confession. Thus, from the beginning, each member of Calvin's faculty has been required to sign a statement indicating his or her support of the "Three Forms of Unity."

This policy has automatically circumscribed the faculty within Reformed boundaries, but until the 1950's, the school's instructors were also exclusively Netherlandic. Even more significantly, the school's early theologians and philosophers were all trained in Europe, and an overwhelming majority of them selected universities and theological schools in the Netherlands. The school's first faculty, G. Boer, F. Ten Hoor, L. J. Hulst, and Wm. Hemkes, acquired its education at the theological school at Kampen in the Netherlands. Later, when an Amer-

ican-born generation assumed Calvin's educational leadership, a majority of the school's theological faculty sought instruction at Princeton's Theological Seminary, where Geerhardus Vos taught Dogmatics and Biblical Theory.

Vos was a crucial figure in Calvin's history. Although he received his advanced training in Germany, he became a close associate of Abraham Kuypers in the Netherlands. Kuypers, seeking to implement a broad vision of Christianity founded the Free University of Amsterdam in 1880. He focused the University's attention on the proposition that Christian principles could be discovered and applied to political, social, and educational activity as well as in ecclesiastical matters. Kuypers wanted Geerhardus Vos on his faculty, but Vos returned to America and joined Calvin's faculty in 1888, where he remained until 1893 when he accepted an appointment to Princeton's theological school. By then, his reputation in the Christian Reformed Church was well established, and Calvin's Seminary graduates followed Vos to Princeton where they could study with Abraham Kuypers's associate.

After Vos' retirement in 1932, Calvin's graduates frequently turned to the Free University of Amsterdam for advanced studies. Of the twelve instructors appointed to Calvin's seminary faculty between 1902 and 1948, all but one sought advanced training at Princeton or the Free University of Amsterdam. Of the thirteen current members of Calvin's Religion and Theology Department, eleven have been trained at the Free University. In the Philosophy Department, the Dutch nexus is less pervasive, but its European origins are unmistakable. Dr. H. Jellema, the virtual father of our current department, studied in Germany, but spent time in the Netherlands to freshen the ethnic water. H. Stob, who taught successively in the college and seminary, also took stock of Free University's philosophy before teaching at Calvin College. Other members of Calvin's Philosophy Department also illus-





Although Calvin College faculty have been accused of anti-Americanism, a fund-raising group uses Uncle Sam in its 1940 drive. Included in this picture are John Elenbaas (*far left*), J. W. Weaver (*top hat*), Hollebeck (*long coat*), Dick Van Halsema (*playing the drum*), Lester Vanden Hoek (*second from right*).



trate the Dutch connection. Three of its seven members have studied or lectured at the Free University. And, anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with Calvin's Philosophy Department knows that Prof. E. Runner's Neo-Kuyperianism continues to influence a host of Calvin's students. Thus, that portion of the faculty (theology and philosophy) which has traditionally defined the issues of discussion among us, has been consistently connected with European and Netherlandic intellectual sources. The Dutch nexus has not resulted in a divided faculty, with historians, for example, advocating an American intellectual focus in opposition to the perspective of the philosophers and theologians. An overwhelming majority of our faculty has received its liberal arts education at Calvin, and thus they were influenced by the Netherlandic perspective long before attending American universities. For the most part, the direction of their intellectual interests was well-fixed prior to their graduate training.

The consequences of all this? At the very least we have continued to be less than totally American. Even though this position has occasioned criticism,<sup>2</sup> it has also permitted our institution to remain critically independent of the worst features of American chauvinism. For example, we have not subscribed to an "Our nation right or wrong" ethic. We have resisted the values of America's tragic, but nonetheless widely emulated figure, Willie Lohman. We protest the idea that the church must quietly isolate itself from the broader cultural realm.

Our ethnicity is not the only source of these values; they can be discovered among other Christians also. But, because we have been European, and especially Netherlandic, at the theological core of our perspective, we have been able to love America and leave it when crucial issues demand a Christian

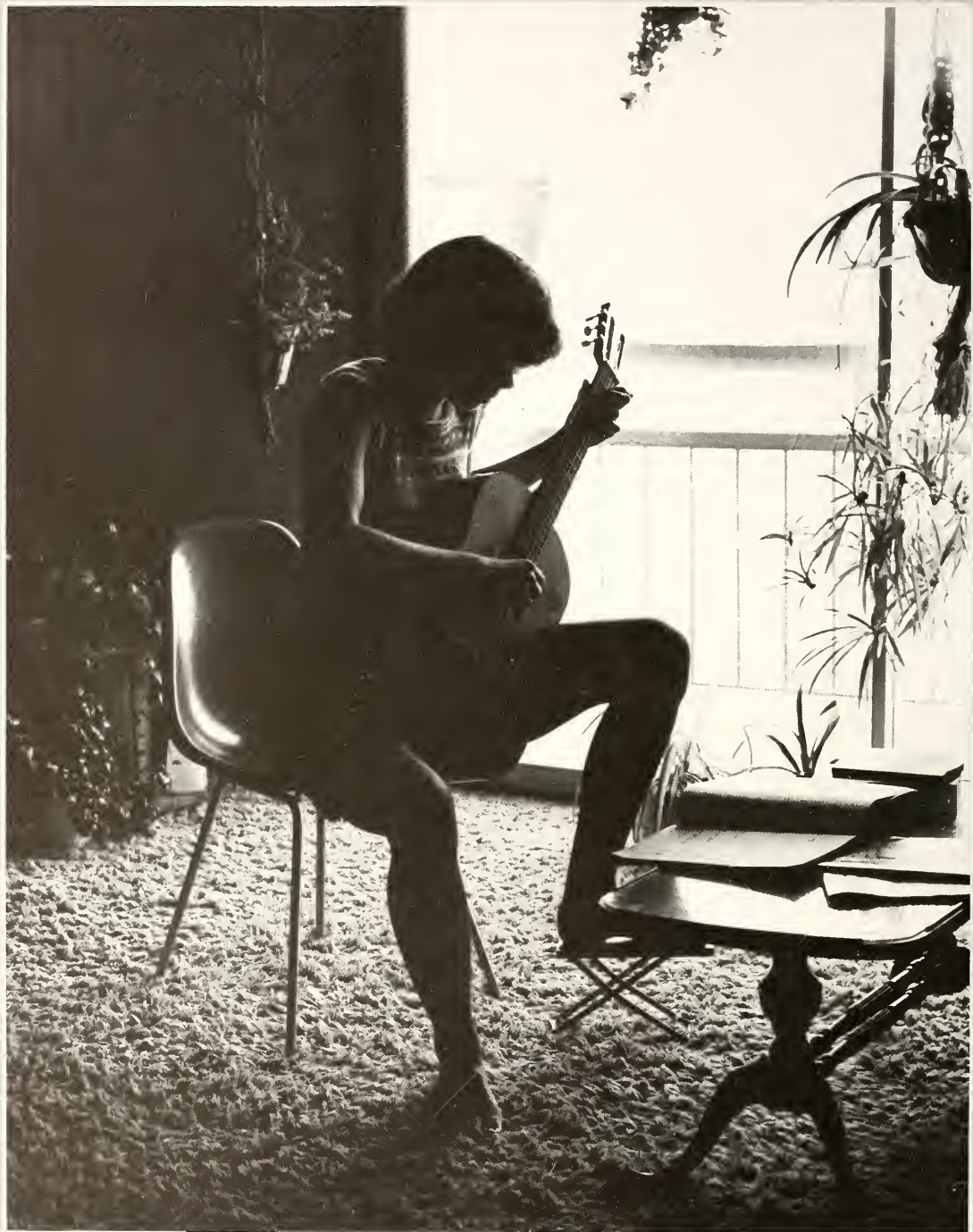
rather than nationalistic perspective. We can exercise a genuinely prophetic role in American society and a number of students have been attracted to Calvin because it has that capacity.

The cultural independence which Calvin College has maintained in relation to an over-zealous nationalism is a consequence of century-old choices. While occasionally those who guided the school have been motivated by narrowly ethnic values, in general the college has developed along a middle path between rapid Americanization and ethnic isolation. For those who now teach and study here, the results of that development can be wholesome. We recognize that Calvin should not be isolated and merely ethnic, and we are not. We no longer view ourselves, in the words of the 1910 brochure, "as a protest against the unchristian education . . . given in many of the colleges of our day." Instead we endeavor to provide an alternative which is more than a protest. Following an essentially Kuyperian perspective, we insist that the institutions of American society can be founded on a more Christian basis than is currently evident. Thus, we cannot wed ourselves to an American culture which becomes increasingly pagan. In short, our ethnicity has contributed to the retention of Christian values and creeds in this post-Christian era.

Herbert Brinks  
Professor of History

<sup>1</sup>Dr. Abraham Kuyper (1837-1920) was an intellectual leader in the Netherlands who founded the Free University of Amsterdam and organized the Anti-Revolutionary Party. His Christian principles attracted the attention and loyalty of many Dutch-Americans.

<sup>2</sup>During World War I the *Michigan Tradesman* asserted that Calvin College was "a hotbed of pro-German ideas, prejudices and propagandas," and the papers urged, "The professors who are conceded to be Anti-Americans should be stood up against a wall and be shot. There is no proper place for them in this land of the Free."



Knollcrest East.





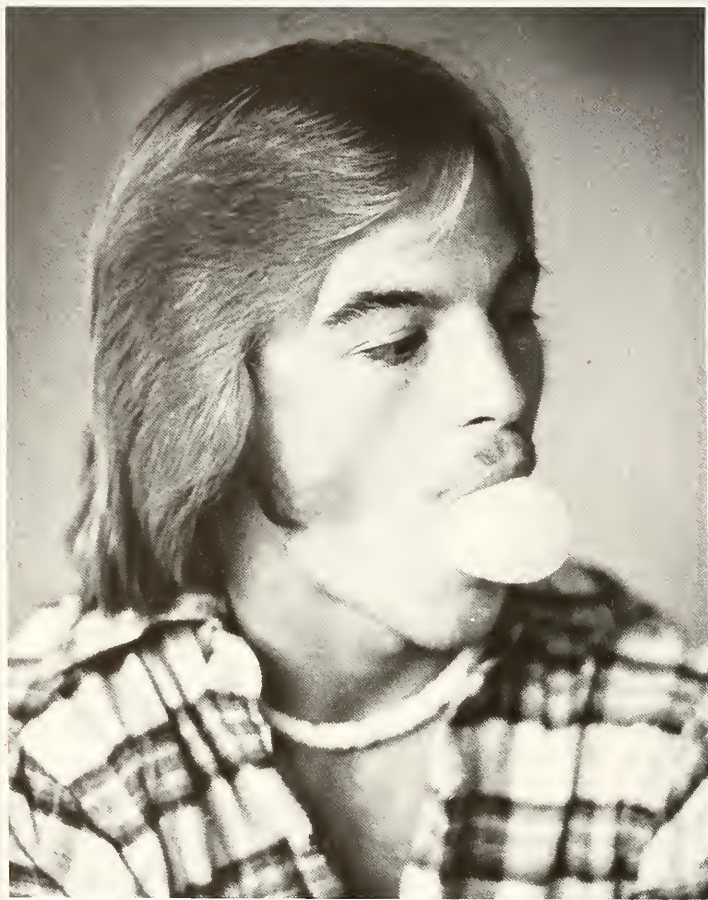
Carla Hogan, Rooks Hall.

## Environmental portraits

Although some students seem to live in the library, the laboratory, or the coffee shop, all have a place to which they eventually return, if only to sleep. "Home," whether it be a dorm room or an apartment, is a place to eat surrounded by family or friends, to read the mail (if the mailbox is not bare), to study, or to shove the books under the bed and think and do glorious things totally unconnected with school. Although God, not the environment, is the shaping and controlling force of all mankind, one can learn something about a person by seeing him in the surroundings which he or the Housing Office has chosen. The next few pages comprise a look at Calvin students "at home."



Phil Spoelhof and Jane Tiemersma at Jane's house, Colton Dr., Grand Rapids.



Steve Gresham, Vander Werp Hall



Janis Nieboer, Calkins Street, Grand Rapids



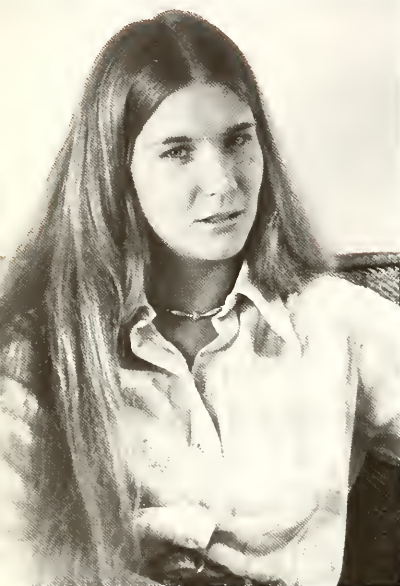


Helen Mulder, Bolt Hall



Karen Baker, in a coffee kitchen of Bolt Hall





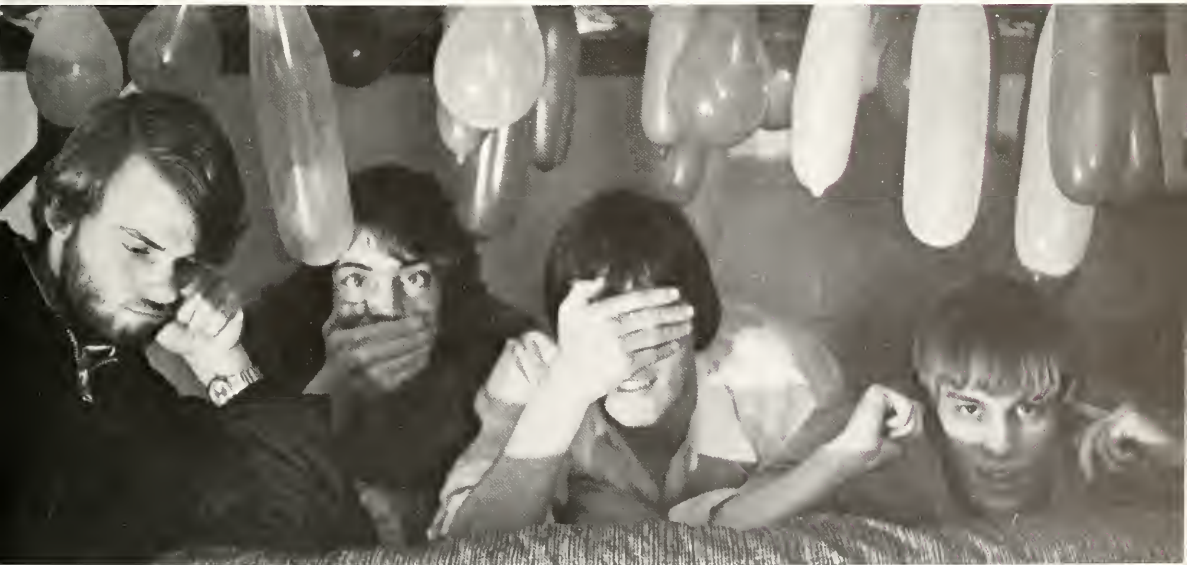
Vicki Martinie, Abbingdon St., Grand Rapids.



Diana Veen, Lori Frank, and Ruth Bauman, Rooks Hall.



Barb Roskam, Knollcrest East



Ron Cok, Tim Prins, Peter Westra, and Bob Burkum, of Vander Werp Hall

# Calvin College Artist Series

## Group Vocal de France

Chamber Choir

October 8

## Winner of Van Cliburn Competition

Piano

November 5

## The Fine Arts Quartet

Violins, Viola, Cello

February 4

## The Oberlin College Choir

Daniel Moe, Director

March 4

## The New York Chamber Soloists

Chamber Orchestra

April 13







Outside, the White Rabbit seems boarded up.



Inside, the picture is quite different.

## Down in the rabbit hole

"Atmosphere" is one of those peculiar words which everyone can understand but nobody can define. Some places have it and others do not and nobody will be able to explain why. Down near the corner of Wealthy and Fuller is a place which most will agree has that undefinable thing called atmosphere. The place is known as the "White Rabbit." Although the name is inappropriate enough to quail even the most courageous of hearts, the lure of its reputation will draw you in. (After a while, you will do as we do and call it *Lindy's*.) Once inside, you will hear the proverbial tinkle of glasses, the hum of lively conversation, the sharp crack of two billiard balls striking one another. You will see the booths filled with familiar Dutch faces, the hunched figures of avid foosball players, the faded and simple decor. You will smell the slightly acrid odor of draft beer and cigarette smoke. You will feel the crowded, yet peaceful ambience of hazy dark rooms and devil-may-care attitudes. This is the stuff of which atmospheres are made. Some places have it and some places do not. So when time hangs heavy and studies get you down, head on down to the Calvin College bar with a good friend or two and talk of cabbages, of politics, of friendship, of God. For believe it or not, the world is larger than a residence hall and life is more than shopping malls.



Caspar Geisterfer racks 'em up as Sharon Visser looks on.

# Do Canadians live in igloos?

Each fall, many tired and worn-out cars come pouring into Grand Rapids from Canada. Inside, you will find people, casually wearing an acquired British accent, speaking perhaps of the Socreds and the N.D.P. or reciting the alphabet ending with a zed. They may be wearing G.W.G. pants or North Star shoes and clutching sinister hockey sticks, but nevertheless, they come. In the face of such an invasion, one wonders who these strangers are. Are these Canadians really any different from Americans? Or are those people from Canada distinguishable only because they have a Canadian flag sewn on the sleeve of a jacket? Well, let's see.

For one thing, Canadians are less willing than Americans to accept things as they are. Because most Canadians at Calvin have immigrant parents, their attendance at college is more an exception than an assumption. Therefore, they have many questions about whether Calvin College is Christian enough to warrant the cheque they write and the time they spend here. Most Canadians come from an educational system which holds the Kuyperean view of life. This means that they are more likely than Americans to criticize their courses and the religious assumptions that animate what is presented.

Another difference between Canadians and Americans is that Canadians dislike the United States much more than Americans do. Consequently, they assert the importance of Canada at every possible opportunity. This theme is evident in Canadian students at Calvin who seek each other out and hold fervent discussions as if fighting annexation. They realize that they are a minority from a less powerful and established country. Thus they are annoyed with American ignorance about Canada, and the American perspective in many courses. Increasingly, they are ready to assert themselves as

people with a real identity, their own tradition and a rich heritage. For this reason, a Canadian Thanksgiving Day celebration and a Canadian Social Concerns Committee are important to them. For similar reasons, they may deliberately read *Maclean's* or a novel by W. O. Mitchell.

Finally, Canadians and Americans can be distinguished because Canadian identity is not tied up so much in the nation-state of Canada. Canada lacks an ideal to make her people unite. Consequently, Canadians find their own identity, not in their own country as Americans do, but in the culture of their country. Canadians are not so much nationally patriotic as loyal to their particular culture. They come from a communally oriented mixing pot. This pot brings forth Dutch-Canadians, as they sometimes call themselves, who name their hockey teams 'Buiten Bombers' and 'de Rotte Ventjes.' The end of the Canadian hockey game may find them discussing the Canadian Mackenzie Valley Pipeline over an imported Molson's Canadian beer or a Number 7 Canadian cigarette. The next day will find them in the corner of the coffee shop unofficially reserved for Canadians. Canadians have not a national identity but a cultural identity, and that is a profound difference from Americans.

Yes, there is something distinctive about Canadians at Calvin. A careful, even a casual look will tell you that. Whether or not this Canadian distinctiveness is actually influential within the Calvin community is another question. Do Canadians act as a leaven for the college or do they simply create their own separate world, distinct from the American one? The answer to that question depends on the Canadians themselves.

And if you do not believe any of this, just go and talk to some of them, eh?



Someone is wearing her heart on her sleeve.



Tena Sluys after the Canadian Thanksgiving supper.





Bert Adema is just one of the flavours of the Canadian mixing pot.



Lake Michigan is just like home.



Derk Pereboom thinks that the Oktoberfest is worth singing about.



# Students answer the question "Why do you study?"

I study to learn more about God's creation. I think I have a talent for learning — if I study. Grades — they're funny. I don't really think about grades. I try not to. I know what I'm capable of doing and try to get within that range. The grade I get in a subject is not as important as the all-around education I get here.

Janet Kok, freshman

I study because I feel that I have to — I don't pick things up right in class, and I need reinforcement. I want to be a doctor, and that motivates me a lot. I've got to get above a 3.5, and if I don't, that's that. In high school it was so different. If I didn't get a good grade, I could go back and study it and know it would be useful in college. But in college you've got to be smart and the way you show it is by grades. The first semester, I was really wondering about being a doctor — the only class I enjoyed was history. This semester I'm enjoying it more because the science stuff I'm studying can be applied to my field. I had expected college to be pure medical-school crap.

Wayne DeVos, freshman

For a good course, I study because I enjoy learning. Social sciences made me appreciate human nature a lot better. God made us pretty complicated, you know. As Christians we have a responsibility to become the type of person Jesus wants us to be. God has given me talents, and I feel responsible to develop them. The Lord calls us to be a part of this world — we need Christians in every area. I study to be a part of this responsible world. I enjoy studying . . . most of the time, as long as there isn't too much grade pressure.

Helen Mulder, sophomore

I study to get good grades . . . and to learn, of course. But I study harder to get good grades.

Rita Vander Wey, junior

In some of the core courses, you have to study to get a good grade. But with my writing course and my religion

course, you study because you like the subject, and then you study a little more. But in most of my courses, I study because of the grades. Where could you go with anything less than a 2.5? If you have a B.A. and a low G.P.A., it's not going to get you anything.

Wybren Oord, freshman

Study? I don't.

R. D.

I study because that's what we're in school for. If we came here not to study, we'd be wasting time and money. Studying now is a small thing — what I expect to get out of it is to get into dental school. But anything I study is going to make me a more knowledgeable, better-rounded person.

If you were by yourself always studying, you'd go nuts. But if you prod others in the dorms into studying, they prod you — it's a joint effort.

I think also in studying sometimes, you get down. God can pull you through sometimes. He put me here for a purpose. Ask Him to give you the

strength to let you go as far as you can go.

David Wisse, senior

I study to learn, and to get good grades, and so I can get a good job when I get out of here, hopefully. I want to expand my mind; I want to grow in my mental abilities.

Joy Kamphouse, sophomore

I study because I have a goal. God gave me a mind, and He also gave me the will to use it. I think I should study because that seems to be what He wants me to do right now. It's stupid to waste the opportunity of going to college by not studying.

Anna De Boer, sophomore

I think studying is a very necessary part of my whole life at school here. I don't think you could get satisfactory grades without studying. My studying is basically grade-oriented.

Sid Nieuwenhuis, sophomore

I study to better myself. I think as Christians we're supposed to live to our



Some Calvin students consider the library more of a social meeting place than a learning center.



Almost every library carrel is occupied from 7:00 to 10:00 each weeknight.

full potential, to be the best we can be. For me right now that involves studying and academically improving myself. It's a responsibility to develop our minds. Studying goes along with that.

Becky Poninski, sophomore

If I flunk, my parents will kill me.

Anonymous

Everybody has a Christian mandate to use their intellect. I suppose for selfish reasons, I study to further my career. I try not to put that much emphasis on grades — whether a class is an "A" or "B" for me is not that important. There's a problem with putting all your time into studying and forgetting that other people are human beings.

Brian Vander Haak, sophomore

I'm in pre-physical therapy; you have to get the grades here to get into school somewhere else. I think, too, you come to college to learn, to get more things that can help you, not just what you major in. You can't just work for the grades all the time. That would really get you down. You should work just to better yourself as a person — just to learn as much as you can.

Lisa Kennedy, freshman

I only study when there's nothing better to do.

Anonymous

For me, the overall view in studying is to improve myself, broaden myself, prepare myself for God. For the short-term view, I go to the library for three or four hours some nights because of my grades — I want to keep up with the course or I don't want to bomb out of it. Grades are a short-term motivation to get you something in the long run.

Neil Jasperse, junior



Bob Reehorn looks up from his communications notes.



# Profs compare students of today and ten years ago

Students today are much more unquestioning than they used to be and more likely to be moved about. Today, they're docile. There seems to have been a cycle in the '60's — students today are much nearer to those in the early '60's. I think in some naive way, students in the late '60's wanted to solve all the problems of the world. It seems as though today they have overreacted a little. In some sense, though, they're happier now.

"C" used to be a good grade. Not anymore. Students want to know "Will that be put on the test?" — a bit crassly put, but it's there.

Carl Sinke, Mathematics

The change that I see in students is largely a lessening of interest in discussion of issues. I find many fewer controversial issues raised by students in classes. I find it more difficult to maintain a meaningful discussion.

Students ask fewer questions in class. Their kinds of questions are related to grading and "Will this course help me to get a job?" Jobs are harder to get today.

J. William Smit, Sociology

There isn't a qualitative difference between students now and ten years

ago. I would say that the focus is different. When I taught during the Vietnam War, hovering over us was this deep concern. Things we focused on had dimensions outside the classroom. The motivation for involvement in literature was deep and strong because people wanted to have power of expression or find literature which dealt with their concerns. We read a great deal of poetry about war. The change is in the war setting.

Imaginative people, dedicated people, enthusiastic people appear with regularity in my classes. They are not shaped by the age. What astonished me is the deeper concern for a G.P.A. than I've found in the past. Students today know their grades will help them to get a job. In the late '60's, it was easy to find a job. If it seems sometimes as if they're studying for the grade and not the subject matter. I understand that.

Charlotte Otten, English

If my memory serves me right from my student days, questions today have a greater tendency to be directly on the material, tests, etc., not "Well, what would happen if we did this differently" — questions of curiosity. There is less disinterested learning today. I rarely even in senior classes get a good

curious question about math.

Tom Jager, Mathematics

I'm not sure students are more or less motivated, but they have a modified motivation. I think they're more career-job oriented. Ten years ago, they were participating in society and life in a more general sense.

Students today are as eager or noneager to learn as they were formerly. The general grading scale is changing, though. My grading has changed: I'm not as tough as I used to be.

Students really are different in their willingness to talk to professors. But they're different in the way they ask questions. There's a different attitude toward students — across society.

Clarence Menninga, Geology

Ten years ago, not as many students were committed to studying. They questioned the usefulness of study, they were annoyed by social and international problems, they wondered if the liberal arts curriculum were useful to solve these problems. The student ten years ago was more questioning. There was a more provocative mentality afloat at that time. Students' goals today are conforming to society and making out well in it — not questioning it.

The quality of student work today is better in the sense of conforming to standards. A student today is willing to use the MLA sheet to get his footnotes right. A student ten years ago had other things to worry about or didn't have time.

I find myself functioning differently today. Ten years ago, I tried to pour oil on the water. Today, I try to blow up a little wind.

Clarence Vos, Religion and Theology



Anna De Boer studies in her room, near her radio, the coffee pot, and Raymond the bear.

## What goes on in the Interim

During the month of January, some students were fortunate enough to participate in one of the "Interim Abroad" programs and spent their time learning in Mexico, Hawaii, or Europe. Others decided to stay home and relax during Interim. Those who returned to Grand Rapids in January experienced the "Calvin Yukon Interim," brought right to their dormsteps courtesy of Michigan Weather and Mother Nature. January 26 brought the largest amount of measured snowfall to Grand Rapids possibly since the ice age. The snow not only cancelled the final day of Interim classes, but also brought panic to the on-campus student body when the rumor circulated that Saga was running out of food.

But despite the traumatic weather conditions that plagued the finale of Interim '78, Calvin spent January as it has for over ten years, offering students alternatives in learning. Students could take "The Railroad as Part of a Modern Transportation System," "Biofeedback and Self Control," "The Poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins," or "Religion and the American Revolution," in addition to core courses and CPOL.

The Interim Lecture Series scheduled a speaker for each day, undoubtedly offering something for almost everyone although not everyone felt the same about each lecture. Leaving one of the better attended talks, two varied opinions were heard about the same speaker. One girl said, "I got so bored in there I started to count how many people showed up for this thing." Another student remarked, "Wow, was that interesting! I wish there had been more time for questions."

Highlighting the series was the Jewish author Chaim Potok, who spoke on "Authority and Rebellion: The Jew and Modern Literature." Potok is the author of four best selling books, including *The Chosen* and *The Promise*. Other speakers included author Letha



Library congestion is nonexistent during Interim.

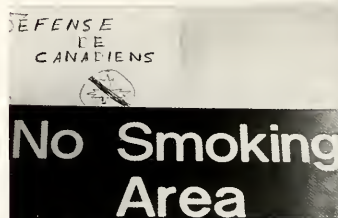
Scanlon, who spoke on "The Role of Women in Home, Church, and Society"; B. J. Haan, President of Dordt College, on the relationship of Christian Reformed colleges; and Jack Houston, ex-careers editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, on "Where the Jobs Are." There was a panel discussion on natural childbirth. Most lectures were very well attended.

Interim also provided the opportunity for dorms to get together for fellowship and fun with activities such as tobogganning parties, dorm reunions, movies, and "parties with music." The Student Senate sponsored an all-campus ski day and Saga prepared a mid-night breakfast for the on-campus residents.

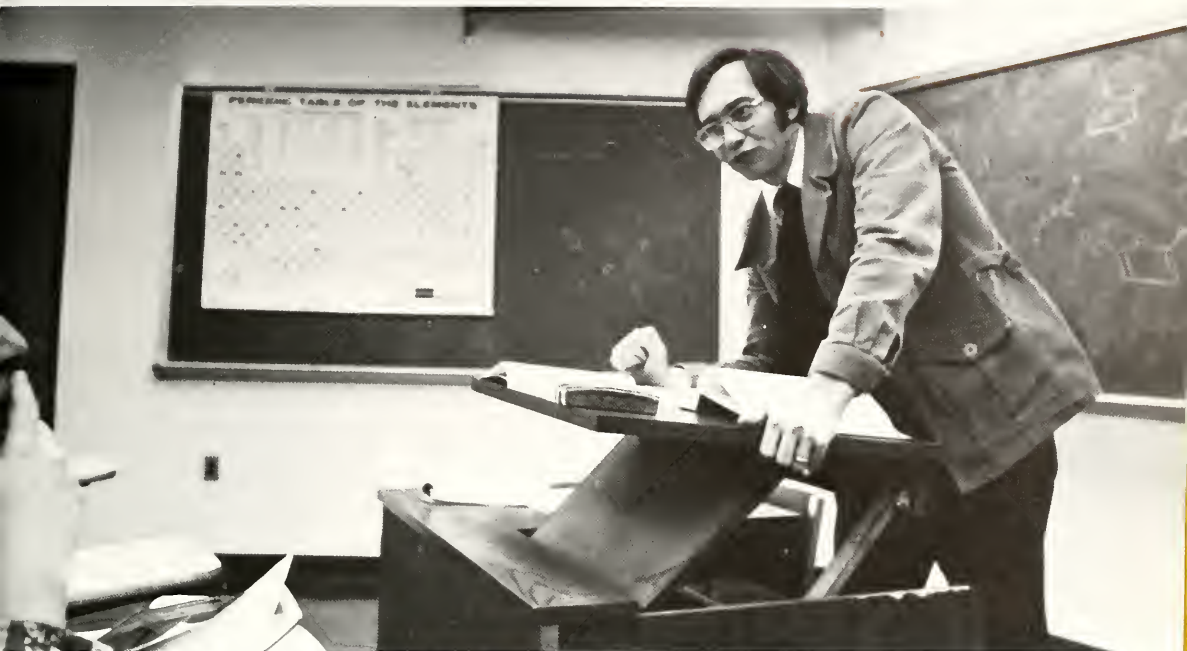
This year, the usefulness of Interim was again questioned by students who think that the three-hour class sessions are too long or that Interim courses are not as good as those offered during the regular semester. Interim is often regarded as a time to party and goof off without penalty since some classes are not overly demanding and most are graded "Honors," "Satisfactory," or "Unsatisfactory." But a number of students noticed that their classes were harder and required more work than ones taken in previous years. Whether this is an improvement is a judgment left up to the individual. Dean Miller gave several reasons for

why Calvin has Interim. Interim lets students do specialized and experimental work which would be impossible during the regular semester with all their other classes. It gives students the chance to study off campus and in foreign countries for credit, whereas it would be too expensive to do this kind of work for a full semester. It also gives the professors a chance to escape the monotony of teaching the same core classes semester after semester by letting them loose on a specialized class that reflects their own interests.

The fate of Interim? The Educational Policy Committee studied its pros and cons and will present their decision at the end of the 1978 school year. Dean Miller sees the probability of Interim staying here at Calvin as likely, despite the uncertainty that was in the air this year.



The "Cave" is a restricted area, but not on the basis of nationality. The sign which is not Student Senate approved is removed later.



Professor Blankespoor's organic spectroscopy class is absorbed by his explanation.



The Lab Band celebrates the opening of the coffee shop addition, which is beginning to be known as the "Cave." It bears little resemblance to Plato's.



Catherine Bouwsma munches a chocolate chip as she listens to the music.

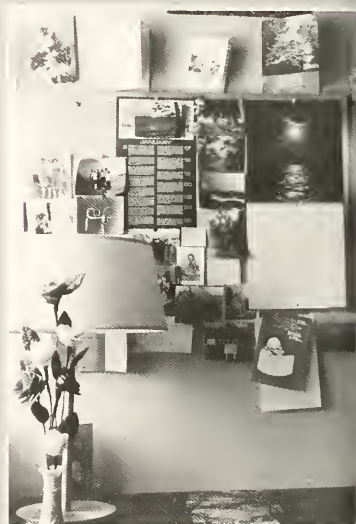




All seats in the F.A.C. Auditorium are filled and many people are turned away when Chaim Potok visits Calvin.



A buried bug implies that no one will be traveling during Interim Break.



During Interim some commuters live in the dorms to find out what it is like. This bulletin board is Cindy Baron's for one month.



The noted Jewish author Chaim Potok speaks with students after his lecture and question-and-answer period.



Students examine the results of an Interim class's month-long exposure to photography.





The Homecoming crowd celebrates the Calvin basketball team's 74-60 win over Adrian College.



Seymour Swets (center), '22, shares a laugh with members of the classes of '25 and '27.



Former Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver talks with a fellow Christian.





## From all directions they come home

Every February, Calvin alumni come home. During the year they are spread over all the United States and Canada and 52 foreign countries. Some come home yearly, and others come only after ten or twenty years. But they come. Leaving many different occupations, they pack their bags and head back to visit old classmates and to reminisce about their time at Calvin — when they had no idea what they'd be doing today.

In the '30's, Homecoming was much more sedate than it is today. Because students lived in college-owned houses, activities included decorating domiciles for prizes, making snow or ice models, and putting on displays. Every Homecoming had a worked-out theme and carefully chosen activities to fit the theme.

The '60's found Homecoming still working with a theme. The themes were not just formality, but reflected the spirit of the times with its anticipation of the future. Typical themes were "Influencing the Age" and "Where Tradition Meets the Future." However, the end of the '60's was a time of upheaval characterized by a cynical attitude toward tradition. Many people began to question the validity of Homecoming in the face of such an important issue as the Vietnam War.

In the '70's Watergate reared its ugly head and people, in an effort to forget the troubles of their nation, began to look into the past. No longer did anyone protest the validity of Homecoming. They were more reflective and came up with themes like "Understanding Our Times." Homecoming no longer had a Hostess, but an appreciation for its meaning was revived.

Homecoming themes came to be considered a formality in '77, and thus were discontinued. Despite the break with tradition, the loyal alumni still came to celebrate by the hundreds.

Today there are over 26,000 alumni. Because of the vast increase in their numbers over the years, the Homecoming Committee has had to expand: the Student Committee and the Alumni Committee are both sub-committees that try to make Homecoming a memorable experience for both present and former students.

Homecoming this year brought former Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver as the speaker, in contrast to previous years when Calvin alumni provided the lectures. Cleaver told an audience of 800 people about his Before-Christ days, when he "lived with a dead-end perspective" that turned him into a "prize-winning juvenile delinquent." His lifestyle put him on the "California merry-go-round" where jail had a revolving door. In jail, Cleaver absorbed the *Communist Manifesto* in hopes of initiating a revolution that would stop police brutality and give blacks equal rights.

To stay out of jail, Cleaver had to leave the country. Abroad and unable to go home, he recognized that his "ideology was beginning to leak." In France he became a Christian and turned himself over to American authorities. After serving time in prison, he began working with drop-outs of the '60's and traveling around America giving his life testimony. Cleaver's lecture was well received and helped the joyous celebration of Homecoming.

Besides inviting Cleaver to Calvin, the Homecoming Committee organized an All-Campus Talent Night, a basketball game between Calvin and Adrian, the showing of the movie *Dr. Zhivago*, and numerous luncheons for those who were coming home. These activities made the weekend educational, entertaining, and memorable. Hopefully, it was also *Gezellig* (heartwarming).



Sem pondings commemorate engagements, birthdays, and other good happenings. During the winter, dorm bathtubs are an ice-free substitute for the murky waters of the pond.



An unlucky victim emerges from the pond. If Calvinists were Anabaptists, immersions might be even more frequent.



# Calvin capers: venerable customs or puerile pranks?

Are the elder members of the Calvin community really Poly-Grip, Preparation-H candidates? Are the younger ones as immature as some of their puerile pranks would tend to suggest?

The cold war between the social zealots (often underclassmen) and those more academically oriented (often upperclassmen who are reformed zealots) raged on during the 1977-78 school year. The controversies and problems centered around Red Foley Day, dorm tee-shirts, food fights, water fights, marijuana, alcohol, sem ponding, tubbing, raids, and sexism.

Red Foley Day, Van Dellen's annual event marked by cigar smoking in the Commons and tubbing, was a time of celebration and consternation. The body count (of Calvin women who were tubbed), macho, muscle-flexing aspects of the tradition were justifiably criticized. Ironically, many of those who spoke most strongly were not even involved in the fray. Most who were (both men and women) enjoyed themselves, were flattered by the attention, or were prepared to let the incident ride. For the sake of those who were offended, the event will be handled differently in the future. Dean Stob commented, "I would hesitate to squelch the tradition, but I would like to see it redirected." He has "nothing against cigars" but believes there exists an element of sexism in the tradition.

Controversial dorm tee-shirts and marijuana provided more material for students to expound upon emotionally. Value judgments and faulty logic abounded in the letters which filled *Chimes'* editorial page. Despite a long argument to the contrary, smoking marijuana was generally considered something a Christian should not do.

Reactions to certain dorm tee-shirts were largely negative.

Although alcohol abuse by Calvin students did not receive much publicity, Dean Stob stated that the problem is probably his main concern. When asked if he felt alcohol abuse had increased, he said, "I would tend to say yes," and added, "I wonder if we don't foster it by not providing more all-campus activities."

The lesser campus issues involved traditional food fights, water fights, incidental immersions in the murky waters of the seminary pond or community tubs, and after-hours raids. When students are hurt mentally or physically or property is damaged, pranks are obviously unjustifiable. However, the distinction between right and wrong is not so easily discerned. How important are these unofficial Calvin traditions?

Dean Boender commented, "College life is certainly a series of stages. You generally become more academically oriented the older you get." Dean Stob is concerned that freshmen and sophomores in the dorms do not have enough exposure to upperclassmen and vice versa. Separate living quarters — dorms for freshmen and Knollcrest East for juniors and seniors — have perhaps added to the problem by making each group intolerant of the other's social or academic emphases.

Have juvenile tendencies increased? "Not necessarily," Dean Stob said, "but students are less politically minded. They do not have the activist attitude mirrored in the '60's. A mood of quiet cynicism has descended. Again, a balance must be sought."

Pranks on the Franklin campus tended to be of a more all-campus

nature. Dean Stob commented, "I lament the [comparatively] traditionless aspect of the present campus." He advocates more traditions like Moses that "tie the generations." Moses (a statue) has traveled from California to New Jersey, worn bras and beanies, had cigarettes stuck in his mouth, and was chopped into pieces by a flustered member of the Discipline Committee, Dr. Peter Hoekstra. Today so little is left of poor bruised and battered Moses that he is no longer a practical object of a prank.

Ingenious pranks of the past include the reconstruction of a Model T in the lobby of the Administration Building. The fire department was once summoned to the scene of a bonfire on the roof of the Administration Building. The fire had disappeared by the time the trucks arrived. An outhouse has been mounted on the roof of the Commons. The doorknobs were once removed from all the classrooms. Do these pranks have their place?

The dorms and apartments are not vacation hotels, but neither are they monastic retreats for students bound to the portentous G.P.A. A student finds it much easier to measure the worth of factual trivia (on a scale of 0 to 4.00) than that of a smile or laugh induced by humorous, unabusive fellowship. The latter is less tangible but equally important.

The verdict? Extremists in the cold war have all been guilty, the one side of academic sterility and the other of thoughtless machinations. Reformers at Calvin should work to achieve toleration marked by consideration and harmony which does not outlaw humor.





Gary Groenwald's notorious tee-shirt has "VD: a fact of life" on the front and the Van Dellen eagle on the back.



Halloween pranksters added a little personality to the Science Building observatory.



Wastebaskets serve as buckets during dorm water fights.



# On being Reformed

The Christian Reformed Church calls itself a Reformed church and its members consider themselves to be part of the Reformed tradition. Can this, however, be justified? In what sense can the Christian Reformed Church in the year 1978 call itself Reformed?

The term "Reformed" should not refer to a group of denominations; rather, it should refer to a tradition, a tradition at whose center lies certain beliefs. The most fundamental of these beliefs concerns both faith and culture. First, Reformed Christians hold that God is sovereign over all of life, not just some area or another, but every single aspect. Second, the belief in the comprehensiveness of the creation, fall, redemption theme is intrinsic to the Reformed faith. When creation fell because of man's sin, everything was affected. But through the redemption of God in Christ, everything is renewed. Everything in creation is to be put beneath the feet of Jesus Christ. Thus, third, Reformed Christians believe that the church, as the body of Christ and the representative of God in the world, points the way to the fulfillment of the Kingdom of God, in all aspects of man's cultural activity.

Certainly, many in the Christian Reformed Church hold and practice these beliefs. This same denomination, however, displays a great deal of disunity. In fact, much in the Christian Reformed Church conflicts with these central tenets of the Reformed faith. First, a decisive tendency toward American fundamentalism exists. Possibly, this results from years of battling with liberalism. While we speak less and less of the sovereignty of God in

salvation and of the Lordship of Christ over all of life, we speak more and more of man's active role in his own salvation, and of the primacy of saving souls over any other Kingdom work.

Second, there is the pervasiveness of moralism. Moralism is especially evident in many of the sermons we hear in our churches. Religion is reduced to legalism, to obeying certain rules and regulations for one's life. In the time-worn form of moralism, religion was equated with personal morality. In a newer form, however, Christianity is equated with a Christian moral response in every area of life. Certainly, one must practice both public and private morality, but Christianity is much more than this. We can, in fact, only behave morally through the all-encompassing saving power of Jesus Christ. The grace of God is fundamental — not correct behavior.

Third, in practice, the power of God is often considered to be relevant only in the private realm. Christianity, in general, has undergone a tremendous personalization during the last few decades. The theologian Dietrich Bonhoeffer discusses this phenomenon in his book *Letters and Papers From Prison*. According to Bonhoeffer, as the frontiers of knowledge advanced, the Church forced God into a smaller and smaller area. Thus, the 20th Century God, no longer relevant to labor, politics, theory, and corporate activity, comes as a *deus ex machina*, a god from a machine, to solve people's personal problems whenever they occur. This reductionism is evident also in our circles. In our Bible studies and worship services, we often consider the relevance of the gospel for our personal







Cathy Ytes plays a guitar accompaniment as Mary Keur, Jan Caldwell, Ingrid Zwickey, Janet Sollé, and Laura Brouwer sing "It only takes a spark . . ." Residents of Bolt-Heys (and other dorms) meet each week for singing and group Bible studies.



There is a time for loud hosannas: students tell of the one way during a morning Fellowship Chapel.

lives, but we seldom speak and think of the universality of the grace of God.

Fourth, the Christian Reformed Church has been unduly influenced by what is wrong in modern psychology. Christianity is seen as a tool which enables a person to get on top of himself, to see himself as a very fine fellow, and to live a normal self-realized life. We seem to be rather unconcerned that the psychology which influences these beliefs is both deeply humanistic and individualistic. Again, this psychologization does not sit well with the Reformed tradition.

Also present in the Christian Reformed Church is a tendency to conform to the comfortable North American lifestyle. Much concern for the size

of the salary, the conglomeration of material wealth, the profitability of the business, and the level of social status is evident. We frown upon serious and careful thought about the justice of the free market system or a critical analysis of capitalism. However, it seems as if the suggestions and theories of the Reformed Christians of a more critical mind often go unheeded.

The question we must now ask is this: why are we given to all this faddishness, crass conformity, and deviation from even the most basic of Reformed beliefs? Why are we disunited by sometimes obviously illegitimate distractions? Probably one reason is that we are widely dispersed over a very large continent. Consequently, the

ties within the Reformed community weakened while those between Reformed people and people outside the community become stronger. This is not all bad, since Reformed people should witness to everybody in every area of life. Often, however, the witness of those outside the Reformed community to those inside has been more effective than Reformed witness to outsiders.

Much of the difficulty, it seems to me, lies in the area of Christian Reformed Theology, particularly systematic theology. Members of the Christian Reformed Church have simply not been able to draw from a contemporary and carefully articulated body of Reformed theorizing. It is this, I think, which has played a large part in



There is a time for quiet thought and prayer.

the susceptibility of the Christian Reformed Church to faddishness and inconsistency. It is tremendously important that Reformed systematic theology be revived and rejuvenated, since it represents the thought of a tradition which could be of great benefit to the world.

There are historical reasons why systematic theology has suffered a decline in the Christian Reformed Church. These reasons can be found within two of the dominant traditions in our denomination: the doctrinalist and the neo-Kuyperian traditions. While the former considers that the products of such Reformed theologians as Calvin, Beza, Bavinck, and Berkhof constitute the complete Reformed systematic theology, another group thinks much of this type of theology is scholastic or rationalist. At one time, however, the entire Reformed tradition rooted itself in the "scholastic" theology. What, then, caused the change?

One can, I think, find out what happened in the Reformed churches, both here and abroad, by considering the work of one of the greatest theologians the Christian Reformed Church has produced: Herman Hoeksema. He was, we would say, a member of the doctrinalist camp. His work was characterized by a clear analysis and systematization of the body of Reformed theological beliefs handed down through the generations. Most significant, however, is the fact that this body of Reformed theological beliefs contained much of what was passed down from the medieval tradition. From the most significant medieval (and by now Reformed) notions — those of God's immutability, timelessness, and simplicity — Hoeksema carefully derived his ideas of predestination, election, eternal decrees, and their familiar con-

sequences.

These consequences, however, were unacceptable to many members of the Christian Reformed Church. For example, members of our denomination would not hold that mission work is somehow a futile endeavor or that prayer is merely a confessional exercise. Nevertheless, no one could poke any sizeable holes into Hoeksema's system. The response, rather, was either to say "You shouldn't take it so far," which is probably the response of today's doctrinalists, or to reject the kind of thinking that Hoeksema did as rationalist or scholastic, which is the response, I think, of many neo-Kuyperians. The response, then, was either to back down but not admit defeat or to reject Hoeksema's careful and systematic approach altogether.

It seems to me that both of these responses were mistaken. The first is intellectually dishonest. The second, although it has led to a very productive concentration on a more pastoral kind of theology, is also incorrect. The issues that Hoeksema faced must be faced by theologians today. Moreover, we must deal with these issues with the utmost — yes, scholastic — precision. Most significantly, it is not the *craftsmanship* of the scholastic mind that we should reject, but instead, some of its presuppositions, especially those about the nature of God. We should reject the premises from which Hoeksema derived his unacceptable conclusions. It is not careful thought that is unacceptable, but rather ideas such as God is simple, beyond time, and immutable.

A revival of Reformed systematic theology will certainly not cure all the ills of our denomination. But it will strengthen a Reformed mind whose weakness is evident in its susceptibility to fad and whim. Indeed, it will aid in



making the Christian Reformed Church more characteristically *Reformed* — something with which we should all be very concerned.

A very careful articulation of the entire Reformed faith will not be a body of sterile doctrines. Rather, I believe it will entail that Reformed Christians undertake a great deal: for instance, a liturgical renewal, a greater involvement in culture and the arts, a passionate program of social action among the poor and underprivileged, and a prophetic witness in the political realm, both at home and abroad. Moreover, if the Christian Reformed Church is to be truly Reformed, not just a few congregations and individuals will take up such tasks, but the denomination as a whole.

This is not idealistic and wishful thinking. The victory of Jesus Christ and his Church is sure. Moreover, we, the Christian Reformed Church, as part of his Church, have been given the power to make that victory manifest in the world. We do not base our hope for renewal on our own initiative and on our own strength. All that Christ requires of us, he gives us the power to do.

Derk Pereboom



All join in a hymn at the start of a weekday chapel service.



By the Seminary stands a tree of life.

# Shall we dance?

Dance, then, wherever you may be  
I am the Lord of the Dance, said He.  
And I'll lead you all wherever you may be  
And I'll lead you all in the dance, said He.

Shaker song popular with Calvin students

As Lord of all of life, Jesus Christ's authority certainly extends to dancing. Yet, in his ministry, He did not specifically say whether it is right or wrong, but rather mentioned it in passing (as in Luke 15:25, the Parable of the Prodigal Son). Christ's followers for centuries have had to wrestle with the question of whether we shall dance, and many, like the Christian Reformed Church in the 1920's, concluded that indeed we shall not. However, even the euphemisms like "square skipping" and "parties with music" do not disguise the fact that more than a little toe-tapping is going on today at Calvin College, to the accompaniment of vociferous protests by Christian Reformed Church members who believe that this is not what John Calvin would have wanted. Before the Synod makes its decision about whether all-campus as well as in-dorm dancing should be allowed at Calvin, all of us concerned with the issue should think seriously about the place and purpose of dancing at Calvin.

The 1928 Synod, concerned lest church members frequent the dark spirituous speakeasies to enjoy the pleasures therein, proscribed three "worldly sins": movie-going, card-playing, and dancing. The landmark decision about the "Big Three" was partly influenced by American fundamentalism. After World War II, the taboos against cards and movies were gradually relaxed (though not without much protest) because of flick-viewing and poker-playing habits picked up by returning G.I.'s and the increasing Americanization of the folks back home, if dancing, the last of the Big Three, also becomes sanctioned, some will gloomily conclude that the 60-year spiritual erosion of the Christian Reformed Church is now virtually complete and others will rejoice that their church is rid of the last archaia

restriction of an earlier generation.

Since 1971, dancing (not square dancing, which became "legal" earlier) has been allowed mostly for on-campus students in the basement of college dorms. The rationale is that since at home students may have friends in to dance, dancing should be allowed in dormitories, students' "homes-away-from-home." The euphemism "party-with-music," devised to avoid offense to people outside the college, also kept some church members from knowing what actually was going on at Calvin. One of the problems with the dorm-dance arrangement (aside from some people's not approving of the dancing at all) is that the basements are too small to accommodate comfortably more than a small portion of the on-campus students. Because of the space problem, the only mixers really open to commuters are the square dances held a few times each year in the gym. The present alternative to dorm dances — the well-attended functions at places like the Pantlind Hotel — worry the Student Affairs Division because the college has no control over them. Thus, a committee headed by the Rev. Bernard Pekelder, Vice President for Student Affairs, recommended to the 1978 Synod that all-campus dances be allowed at Calvin. The committee emphasized that the Synod, not the college, should make the decision because the dancing question is one that concerns the whole church.

One of the reasons that many church members disapprove of dancing is that the often suggestive music and current style of dancing show the unmistakable influence of the unchristian world. However, the dorm residents responsible for the dances are expected to exercise Christian discretion in selecting the dance songs, which are generally the same ones played on the radio. Linda Bosch, one of the Resident Directors at Rooks-Van Dellen, believes that she would hear if any students were offended by the music. Only a few students dance in a way that could be considered suggestive, according to a Heyns resident, Henry Vander Wey, and he tries not to look at them. The



Joy Kamphouse and Henry Vander Wey boogie in a dorm basement. This picture was taken with flash.

main complaint that dorm residents have about the dances is that the basements are so hot and overcrowded that often the very walls are wet. Not many dancers are bothered by the darkness and loud music because dances are supposed to be that way.

Paul says in Romans that the difference between believers and unbelievers cannot always be detected in the products of their cultural activities, but it becomes evident in their motivation, direction, and purpose (paraphrase from 1977 *Acts of Synod*, p. 223). Paul's statement is one of the best guidelines for deciding whether we Christians shall dance. In Psalm 150, dancing is listed as a way to praise God, and most Calvin administrators and students do not believe that even the kind of dancing found in dorm basements is inconsistent with a Christian commitment. To be sure, if all-campus dancing, like dorm dancing, is allowed, some will abuse the privilege. But most will probably use their Christian freedom wisely in enjoying what the Rev. Pekelder's committee considers to be a beneficial social activity. Let us have faith that the Calvin dancers will not often stumble if they strive to remember always who is Lord of the Dance.



# Christianity and Calvin

*Why did you come to Calvin?*

Because it's a Christian school, has good academics, and is relatively cheap.

Joanne Gilbert, sophomore

They're supposed to have good parties on the weekends.

James Vermeulen, sophomore

To prepare myself spiritually, academically, and emotionally for the future. Trite, but true.

Mary Jane Pories, senior

Because I wanted to go to a Christian school that was a little bit away from home.

Janet Welles, freshman

Tradition.

Sue Vander Kooi, freshman

*Do you think Calvin is a Christian school?*

Yes; I feel there's more of a Christian emphasis here than at some other schools.

Mary Jane Pories

Yes, especially on Sundays.

James Vermeulen

No. I don't think that a college can be Christian or non-Christian. I think that many (all?) of the professors are dedicated Christians and present their various fields within a Christian world/life view. Many of the students also reflect a Christian commitment.

Catherine Bouwsma, sophomore

*Do you think Calvin has helped you to grow spiritually?*

It's kept my faith on course.

James Vermeulen

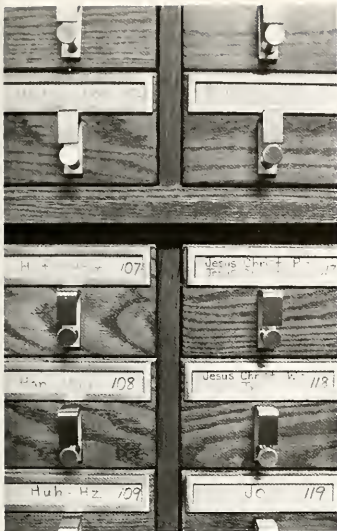
Yes. It's helped me to doubt. Therefore, I've been able to establish a firmer basis for my faith.

Joanne Gilbert



Students take a study break in the Library lobby.





The card catalogue attests to the importance of Christ at Calvin.

No. It has too closed an atmosphere. There are no challenges to make your faith deeper.

Tracy Smith, freshman

It can help spiritual growth, depending on the individual. For a person with a very shallow understanding of the Christian faith, the Calvin experience can undermine his/her commitment. Calvin has definitely helped me to grow as a Christian through interaction with other students and profs.

Catherine Bouwsma

*Do you think many come to Calvin to get married?*

It's a prevalent priority among my peers.

Mary Jane Pories

No, it's too expensive for that. I think a vocation is more important and marriage is a secondary reason.

Holly Wierenga, freshman

Yes, because most students are CRC and Dutch and want to marry within the fold.

Tracy Smith

*What have you gotten out of Calvin (so far)?*

Good friends. Also, Calvin has taught me how much I don't know.

Joanne Gilbert

A \$3000 debt.

James Vermeulen

I've learned about the Christian Reformed religion.

Tracy Smith

I have grown as a Christian and as a person. I have found good Christian fellowship, good classes with good professors, and good experiences. If one does not put forth the effort at any college, Christian or not, he will not get anything out of his education.

Max Vreugdenhil, junior



Jane Tiemersma reads a fish story at home.

# Sietze Buning and the delicate lament

All we like sheep have gone astray;  
we have turned every one to his own way . . .

Isaiah 53:6

Quick now, without looking, can you recite the lyrics of any of Calvin's three school songs? You didn't even know that Calvin had three songs, did you? Next question. Besides *Dr. Zhivago*, how much of this year's Homecoming can you remember? Hey, and can anybody remember President Spoelhof?

Years ago, things like Homecoming were wonderfully important at Calvin. The *student body* was more aptly metaphorical a phrase then, when communion and familiarity among students and faculty alike were substantial enough to suggest an almost physiological interdependence. The college and all of its students were nested within, literally, a few city blocks of one another; the students were incubated, both socially and academically, within that small nest, and, after a season, hatched. Attending Calvin amounted to four years of perilous, profitable growth in an extended family. Attending Calvin today is rather more like running down to an academic supermarket to pick up a few things before dinner.

The average Calvin student today nurtures a sort of functional amnesia, an anaesthetized deadness to everything the college has to offer that is not either entertaining or required. Gone are the days when assiduous underclassmen sweated away long dormie nights working on dusty research papers — not for course credit, for heaven's sake, but for presentation at student club meetings. Gone are the days when scarcely any cars littered the campus, and the lion's share of the few that were there belonged to the faculty. Gone are the days when far more students attended chapel than did not — and those who were absent needed good excuses. Gone are the days — and good riddance? Well, perhaps; but no significant changes ever occur without producing some cause for regret. If we are freer these days at Calvin than we once were, we are also more fragmented, more distant from one another.

The people who attended this institution used to think of it as Calvin College-and-Seminary; today we think of it as Calvin-College . . . and Seminary.

In the move from the Franklin campus to Knollcrest, the Seminary moved a few hundred feet farther than the College did. It stands now, separated from the rest of the campus by a chilly and barely penetrable stand of trees, a thing unto itself. It has its own bookstore, its own coffeeshop, its own library, auditorium, classrooms, semester schedule — even its own street entrance. Transfer students are often enough shocked to find, after a period of time, that the Seminary building is actually on the Knollcrest acreage. Excepting the one tenuous toehold that the Seminary keeps in the College campus — the theological section in the library — it probably wouldn't make much difference to anyone whether the Seminary remained at Knollcrest or not. The improvement of facilities seems to have done much to erode any sense of community the College and Seminary might once have shared.

Expansion and improvement have trodden on other relationships, too. In ages past, the faculty mingled in happy camaraderie at a common coffee urn; today a multitude of pots percolate separately in departmental offices all over the campus — offices which are rather more distant from one another than they ever were before. The convenience of coffee close at hand effectively tempts most of the faculty to forego contact with their fellows in the other buildings; without the old informal elbow-rubbing, the departments have become more ingrown and disparate. The administration has now been reduced to promoting all manner of formal, committee-laden, interdisciplinary gobbledygook to bandage its splintered teaching staff. The coffee worked better.

Nor are the students unmussed by the ravages of progress: to the contrary, they are, as they have always been, the noisiest proponents of the progressive juggernaut. But the objects of student activism these days are something different than they were years ago. It is a truism that the angry social protest of the sixties has been succeeded by the guarded self-interest of the seventies, but Calvin students seem altogether too pleased to prove the point. Our college is site to a cultivated myopia: the problems we see most clearly are those which inconvenience us personally. We are not so much concerned with *human* rights as

we are with *student* rights. Our idea of social injustice is the prohibition of weekend dancing.

On every hand, student organizations are in various stages of collapse and decay. Despite the efforts of small, shrinking groups of individuals, the arts at Calvin are languishing in the midst of neglect and contempt. Every year, the Communications Board looks longer and farther for publications editors — or even just for applicants for the positions. For the most part, students seek not involvement but amusement, and they seek it mostly off campus, in situations pointedly free from Calvin's influence. The college is no longer home for an extended family; now it's merely a hotel with classrooms.

It would be a tedious exercise indeed to try to fix the blame for the disruption of Calvin's family on factors external to the members themselves. Whether or not the college is trying to market itself more vigorously to prevent declining enrollments, whether or not its academic standards are being lowered, whether or not it is becoming complacent about secularization — these are not things of *essential* significance. It is not the economics or politics of the institution, but the attitudes of the individuals filling its ranks which have contributed most to the familial dissolution. No group enterprise can succeed without a concerted effort, without a common interest. At times it seems that the only common interest at Calvin is the business of education; that alone cannot sustain a community.

One reason that the Calvin family is breaking up, that we have gone astray and turned everyone to his own way, is that we no longer come from the same place. However much Calvin is touted — or disparaged — as being a Dutch stronghold, it is less so with every passing year. I recall seeing, years back, a darkhaired, unkempt, simian classmate dressed in ragged fatigues and a beret shuffle into class one day and collapse into a seat. Pinned to his cap was a fluorescent button, green on orange, which read *Dutch Power*. Whether the fellow was sincere, or whether he was merely engaging in some priceless irony, he managed to make a more profound statement than he knew. His is the shape of our ethnic stature today. The college directory may be choked with Dutch surnames, and all the people attached to them may dote on, or





Calvinist farmer Sietze Buning is Professor Stanley Wiersma's "poetic second self."

deride, their ancestry, but the ties of a common heritage no longer bind our community as they once did. Virtually all of us at Calvin, from the Aardemas to the Zylstras, are Americans now, and, as Americans, we are the most rootless of people.

Now, I would like to say that *American* is no dirty word. The Americanization of the Dutch Reformed community has been a vitalizing as well as inevitable change; in many ways Calvin College could not have come to be the impressive edifice and institution that it is today if the pietistic insularity of the Dutch had not been overcome. In many ways — perhaps in most — the college is a better place to attend now than it was forty years ago. But it is not unconditionally better, as I have tried to convey; in freeing ourselves from pietistic ethnic insularity we have left behind a number of fragile, beautiful, and valuable things.

Perhaps the man on this campus who best realizes the importance of our fading ethnic heritage is Dr. Stanley Wiersma. A professor of English here, Dr. Wiersma has been recording the metamorphosis of Dutchmen to Americans since about 1970 with the discerning eye and sure hand of his poetic second self, Sietze Buning. Wiersma has a thick sheaf of Sietze's work now, after eight years, poems which are line drawings of the milestones which mark the distance between Sioux County, Iowa, and Grand Rapids, Michigan and points East. They mark, too, the distance — sometimes negligible, sometimes not — between the corn-bred father and his college-bred son, and their respective generations. For a rapidly growing audience which is variously grateful and flustered by his work, Sietze has captured the hamstrung ambivalence, the delicate lament of a community facing the passage of its rich ethnic character.

As a community we have not always been particularly aware of ourselves. Indeed, our writers, says Wiersma, have with few exceptions done nothing to exploit their own turf. With Sietze, he hopes to kindle an ethnic awareness, to celebrate home truths and encourage others to do likewise. As yet, though, Sietze remains a unique phenomenon. He renders with both distress and compassion the *then* and the *now* of our community as no others have been able, as, for example, in his "Calvinistic Farming:"



Our Calvinist fathers wore neckties with their bib-overalls and straw hats, a touch of glory with their humility. They rode their horse-drawn corn planters like chariots, planting the corn in straight rows, each hill of three stalks three feet from each hill around it, up and over the rises. A field-length wire with a metal knot every three feet ran through the planter and clicked off three kernels at each knot. Planted in rows east-west

the rows also ran north-south for cross-cultivating. Each field was a checkerboard even to the diagonals. No Calvinist followed the land's contours.

Contour farmers in surrounding counties improvised their rows against the slope of the land. There was no right way. Before our fathers planted a field, we knew where each hill of corn would be. Be ye perfect, God had said, and the trouble with contour farmers was that, no matter how hard they worked at getting a perfect contour,

they could never know for sure it was perfect — and they didn't even care. They were at best Arminian in theology, or Catholic, and at worst secular. Though they wore bib-overalls, they wore no neckties, humility without glory.

Contour fields were the result of free will, nary a cornstalk predetermined. The God contour farmers trusted, if any, was as capricious as their cornfields. Calvinists knew the distance between God and people was even greater than the distance between people and corn kernels. If we were corn kernels in God's corn planter, would we want him to plant at random? Contour farmers were frivolous about the doctrine of election simply by being contour farmers.

Contour farmers couldn't control weeds because they couldn't cross-cultivate. Weed control had been laid on farmers by the curse. Contour farmers tried to escape God's curse. Sooner or later you could tell it on their children: farmers who didn't fight weeds also condoned movies and square-dancing. Contour farmers wasted land, for, planting around the rises, they left more space between the rows than if they'd checked it. It was all indecent.

We could drive a horse cultivator — it was harder with a tractor cultivator — through our checked rows without uprooting any corn at all, but contour farmers could never quite recapture the arbitrary angle, cultivating, that they had used, planting. They uprooted corn and killed it. It was indecent and untidy.

We youngsters pointed out that the tops of our rises were turning clay-brown, that bushels of black dirt washed into creeks and ditches every time it rained, and that in the non-Calvinist counties the tops of the rises were black. We were told we were arguing by results, not by principles. Why, God could replenish the black dirt overnight. The tops of the rises were God's business.

Our business

was to farm on Biblical principles. Like, Let everything be done decently and in good order; that is, keep down weeds, plant every square inch, do not waste crops, and be tidy. Untidy contour farmers were not kingly. They could not be prophetic, could not explain from the Bible how to farm. Being neither kings nor prophets, they could not be proper priests; their humility lacked focus. Suppose they prayed for crops privately. Our whole Calvinistic county prayed for crops the second Wednesday of every March.

God's cosmic planter has planted thirty years' worth of people since then, all checked and on the diagonal if we could see as God sees. All third-generation Calvinists now plant corn on the contour. They have the word from the State College of Agriculture. And so the clay-brown has stopped spreading farther down the rises. And life has not turned secular —

but broken.

For God still plants people on the predetermined check even though Calvinists plant corn on the contour. God's check doesn't seem to mean a kernel in the Calvinist's cornfield. There's no easy way now to tell the difference between Calvinists and non-Calvinists: all plant on the contour; all tolerate weeds; between rows, all waste much space;

all uproot corn, cultivating; all consider erosion their own business, not God's; all wear overalls without ties; all their children go to the same movies and dances; the county's prayer meetings in March are badly attended; I am improvising this poem on the contour, not checking it in rhyme.

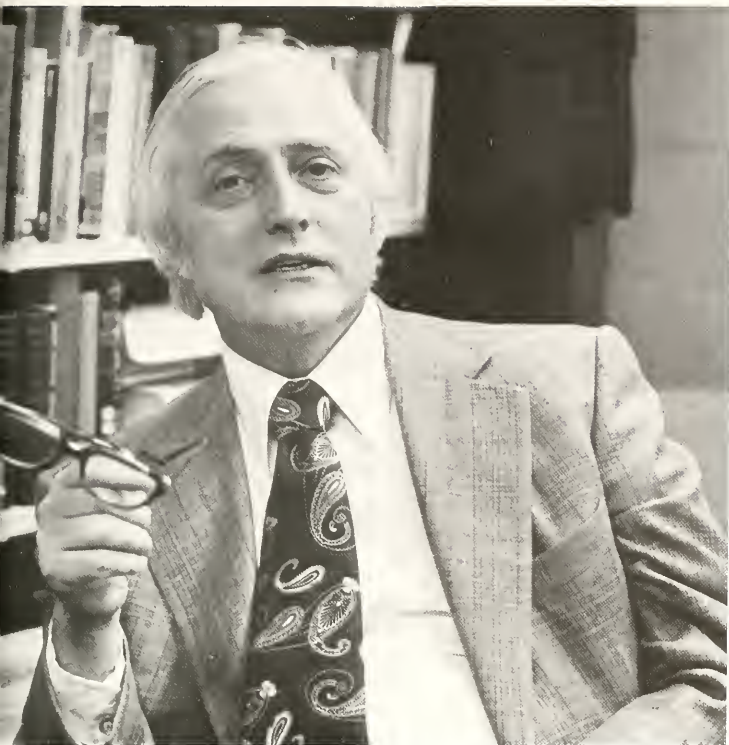
Glad for the new freedom, I miss the old freedom of choice between Calvinist and non-Calvinist farming. Only in religion are Calvinist and non-Calvinist distinguishable now. When different thoughts about God produced different ways of farming, God mattered.

more. Was the old freedom worth giving up for the new? Did stopping the old erosion of earth start a more serious erosion of the spirit? Was stopping the old erosion worth the pain of the new brokenness? The old Calvinists said that the only hope for unbrokenness between the ways of farmers and the ways of God is God.

A priest, God wears infinite humility; a king, he wears infinite glory. He is even less influenced by his upward-mobile children's notions of what-to-wear-with-what than our Calvinist fathers were, in neckties and bib-overalls. Moreover, a prophet, he wears the infinite truth our Calvinist fathers hankered after to vindicate themselves, not only their farming. Just wait, some dark night God's chariot-corn planter, the wheels of which drop fertility and fatness, will come over the rises. Will the rider wear a straw hat or a crown? No matter, just so the wheels of that corn planter-chariot churn up all the clay-brown rises and turn them black, just as the old Calvinists predicted. Lord Jesus, come quickly.



Mrs. Albert, Nick, Fred, Albert, and Bert Ensink and their horses pose for this 1904 portrait at their farm two miles south of Hudsonville.



Professor Stanley Wiersma talks about his Dutch heritage in his Calvin office.

Sietze Buning began writing in 1970. Stanley Wiersma had been writing poetry long before that, but he hadn't been doing anything like what Sietze set out to do. Stanley had been writing for his faculty associates and for the literary quarterlies; Sietze decided to write for the *Banner* and the folks back home. The two poets have become fast friends, and each has found that he enjoys the other's work — though neither cares to imitate the other. When Stan goes on trips he makes a point of taking back books for Sietze, and Sietze reads them all with pleasure. "Really," says Stan, "the only difference between us is that Sietze doesn't carry the academic baggage that I do."

Sietze is no academic slouch, though. Like Stan, he's traveled the long road from grade school in Sioux County, Iowa, to doctoral work at the University of Wisconsin. He's well versed in the vagaries of linguistics and the monstrous minutiae of *Beowulf*, and has a number of publications and awards to his credit. But Sietze is a family man first, and he'd rather consider the

importance of greasing the windmill on the farm at Middleburg than discuss the formation of weak verbs in Old English, as Stan would.

In the eight years that have passed since Sietze began writing he has done well in catching the interest of his selected audience. His poems in the *Banner* and other covenant publications have touched both nerves and heartstrings — probably more nerves than heartstrings actually, because poems like "Calvinist Sunday Dinner" and "Evangelism Thrust Committee Report" draw more attention to themselves than do ones like "Greasing the Windmill" or "Purpaleanie." The letters column of the *Banner* will usually buzz after the magazine drops a Buning blockbuster like one of the former poems on its readership. That's all to the good — it's the sedate who most need periodic exercise — but it might create the impression that Sietze is not well received on the whole, and nothing could be further from the truth. The true test of Sietze's work is not how well it springs from the page, but how well it springs from the poet's lips. A Sietze Buning

Clearly, Sietze Buning is no mere sentimentalist capitalizing on marketable reminiscences. It is not nostalgia for its own sake that motivates him, but a very real stake in the welfare of his community, his family. Like a concerned member of the family, he is willing to scold it for its foolish excesses as well as bless it for its virtues.

Calvin, and the larger community of which it is a part, *does* have a new freedom for which we can be thankful, but part of the price we have paid to get it, perhaps necessarily, has been the loss of our distinct ethnic autonomy. We are all Americans now, for better or worse, individuals making our separate ways mostly without the help of family

And life has not turned secular — but broken.

Quite regardless of how we react to our condition, it is essential that we understand this about ourselves — especially at Calvin — since we cannot really understand anything else until we understand ourselves. Perhaps with Sietze's help we will be better able to deal with the brokenness that is now a part of our heritage.

T. A. Straayer

reading is an Event.

However much the denomination's feathers are ruffled by Sietze's appearances in the *Banner*, audiences at his readings are invariably enthusiastic. His college-sponsored tour of the Midwest during this year's Interim was an encouraging success: he brought the houses down from Elmhurst to Edgerton. Reading to audiences small and large in Christian Reformed church basements and high school auditoriums, he cut across the generations to evoke grateful applause and admiration. The Sioux County *Capital's* February 7 edition celebrated the return of its native son with two full pages of laudatory copy and photographs. In four weeks Sietze did more to bring the Christian Reformed family closer together than anything that Synod has ever tried.

He once said, "If anybody had told me at twenty that I would be cultivating a *Banner* audience at fifty, I would have sold insurance for a living," but Sietze, along with the rest of us, can be increasingly thankful that he went the path he did.







Seniors

# The fruits of commencement taste bittersweet

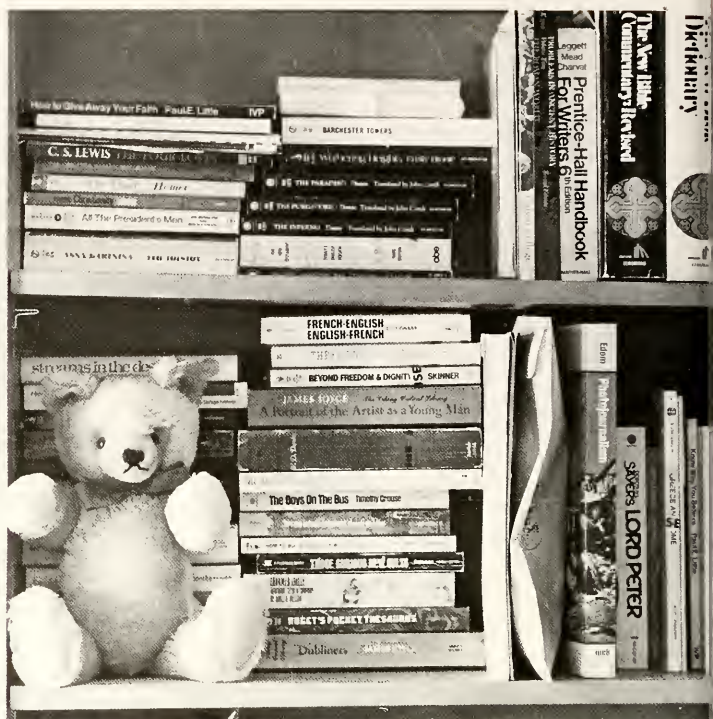
We, sophisticated fools that we are, may seldom if ever experience a completely unalloyed sense of joy or approval. Perhaps, those of us who are able to act unselfconsciously in little things, to walk slowly along a beach on a fast-fading summer day, to plant a flower in a shaded corner, or to talk musingly of cabbages and kings with a friend from long ago . . . perhaps such people can still occasionally approach the once thoroughly respectable ideal of genuine satisfaction. More often and for most of us, the sweet has a bitter aftertaste, approbation is mixed with disapprobation and the glittering edges of our joys are nicked and cut by the selfish tiredness which experience brings.

And so it is with the senior at Calvin College. On the one hand, the tremorless tenor of our secluded existence at Calvin College often lends a certain, gently flowing, refreshingly simple sense of well-being to the manner in which we live our days and nights. The fact that the rewards which we receive may be largely intangible is not necessarily a legitimate cause for alarm. After all, rewards that are intangible do nevertheless exist even though a value in dollars and cents cannot always be attached to them. One can hardly quantify the value of the friendships which are made and the loves that are sometimes found, but in any case, the friendships do exist and a love may last for a lifetime. Moreover, although an education is something which we in our comfortable affluence take for granted, who can really know what it will mean to us in the future. Many of our ancestors might have given their right arm to

have the same opportunity which we so nonchalantly assume is our prerogative. How can the value of investigating the world which God has made and the joy of seeing doors open which may have been closed to our forefathers be anything but intangible?

On the other hand, nagging doubts still persist. Eventually, the forgetfulness of nostalgic remembrance may blur the outlines of our experiences at Calvin, but, for now, many of the disturbing contours of these four years at Calvin are still clearly delineated in our minds. The fact is that rewards can sometimes be so ephemeral that they are very insubstantial and, perhaps, even nonexistent. Our friendships may be fine, but most of them will not last long after graduation. We have spent a good deal of time, effort, and money for something that sometimes seems no

Going away to college does not necessarily split up families. Ellen and Janice Van Someren, sisters, spend some time together.





Paul Abbas  
Bert Adema  
W. Curtis Aldridge  
Jane Allen  
William Alphenaar, Jr.



Steven Alsum  
Lubbertus Altema  
Kristen Anema  
Lorna Anema  
Paul Anema



Connie Apol  
Patricia Arkema  
Wendy Asma  
Judy Aukeman  
Candace Baars



Michael Bacon  
Rodney Baker  
Cheryl Bartlett  
Samuel Beals  
Jack Beeksmma



Kenneth Bergwerff  
Mary Berkompas  
Laurel Berndt  
Georgia Bilger  
Kitty Bilingham



Nancy Bishop  
Kenneth Bloem  
Nancy Bloem  
William Bloem  
Barbara Blok



Rodney Blom  
Brenda Boer  
Joan Boersma  
Cynthia Boeve  
David Boike



Arlene Bolt  
Elizabeth Bolt  
James Bolt  
Marjorie Bolt  
Thomas Bonthuis



Paul Booker  
Sharon Bootsma  
Marian Booy  
Laura Bordewyk  
Jane Bosma



Sybren Bosma  
Timothy Bosma  
Esther Bosman  
Virginia Bosman  
Janice Bossenbroek



Richard Bouma  
Gretchen Bouman  
Jane Bouwman  
Cheryl Brandt  
Kenneth Brase



Thomas Brasser  
Jane Bratt  
Annette Bredeweg  
Valerie Breen  
Thomas Broene

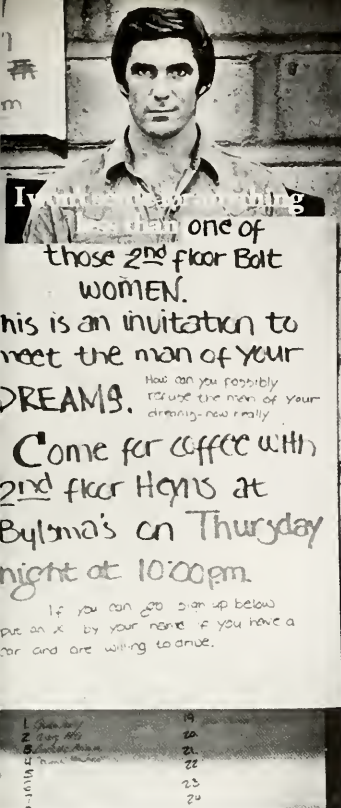


John Broersma  
Philip Brondsema  
Helen Brook  
Daniel Brouwer  
Debra Brouwer



Sharon Bruchmann  
Bernard Bruinius, Jr.  
Diane Brumels  
Lynn Brunger  
Jacki Bruxvoort





"Going out for coffee" is a blind date in which one has the whole floor along for moral support.



Kris Jensen heads off for class on a wintry day.



Jim Pluymert takes a break from Senate work to talk with Kathy Krusch.



Steve Krosschell keeps track of the conversation while stirring in an exorbitant amount of Coffeemate.

more solid than that piece of paper called a college diploma. The papers, the blue books, the frustrations, and the summers spent trying to pay for it all seem to demand more than intangibles in return. To be sure, one may sometimes gain a vocation out of his education, but, in many cases, teaching what has been learned — staying in the well-beaten path of the educational system — is the only obvious career available which uses our education directly. But even more persistent doubts remain. Does this Calvin College education really have anything to do with the real world? The academic disciplines can be investigated and often possess a certain intellectual appeal which leads the student ever deeper into the world of academics. In the end, the temptation is simply to separate one's life into academic and "real world" categories and never the twain shall meet. Finally and most importantly, how do we know that an education consisting of the investigation of various academic disciplines is what God wanted us to have?



Vicki Buning  
Patricia Buist  
Bruce Butt  
Chris Bult  
William Bultema



David Buning  
David Buurma  
Laura Buurma  
Esther Byle  
Frank Bylsma



Shirley Cady  
Cheryl Cammenga  
Barry Capel  
Daryl Castner  
Dale Chambery



Eric Cheadle  
Dennis Cok  
Philip Cok  
Cathleen Commeret  
Sara Cooper



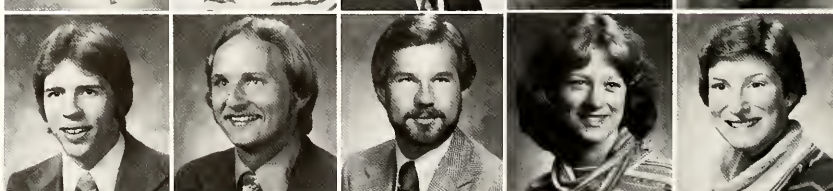
Patricia Davids  
James De Boe  
James De Boer  
Stephen De Haan  
Deborah De Jong



Jane De Jong  
Debra De Jonge  
Robert De Jonge  
Shirley De Jonge  
Cynthia De Koning



David De Korne  
Thomas De Kraker  
Peterjay De Mann  
Janice Den Besten  
Kathryn De Neut







This car would lack icicles if it were at home.



People from British Columbia must compare their province to the slippery, slushy "Water Winter Wonderland."



People will never be able to say, "Calvin College? ... Where's that?"

Karen De Roo  
John Dersch, Jr.  
Jennifer De Ruiter  
Kari De Ruiter  
Garth Deur



Laurette De Vos  
Ann De Vries  
Helen De Vries  
Joyce De Vries  
Nancy De Vries



Thomas De Vries  
Jan De Waal  
Janet De Winter  
Dawn De Young  
Eileen De Young



Jeanne Diephuis  
Grada Docter  
Eric Dokter  
Arla Dolislager  
Keith Doornbos



Joanne Dotinga  
Alan Drexl  
Suzanne Duiker  
Michael Dykema  
John Dykstra



Roger Dykstra  
Shirley Dykstra  
Arva Dyksterhouse  
Jayne Ebbeling  
Walter Edwardson



Carl Einfeld  
Carl Eizenga  
Brian Ellens  
Gene Ellens  
Joann Elzinga







Professor Robert Albers and Phil Brondsema prepare a chemistry experiment.



Twyla Engel  
Lois Engelhard  
Steve Enserink  
Margaret Exoo  
Nancy Fahrner



Cal Feddes  
Lori Feenstra  
Mary Felice  
James Feller  
Mark Feyen



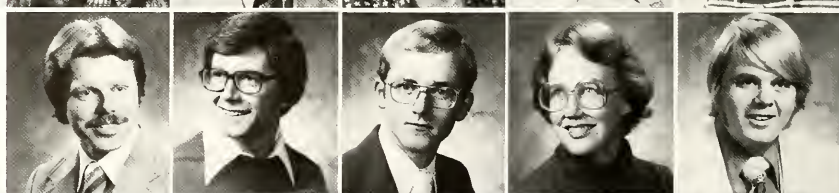
Rudy Feyer  
Carol Fik  
Denise Frens  
Cathy Fuller  
Sherrn Funk



Kathleen Garrett  
David Geenen  
Laura Gehrke  
Rosalie Gelderman  
Kenneth Genzink



Philip Gibson  
Brian Glass  
Christian Goedhart  
Kristin Gort  
Mark Gort



Scott Grinwis  
Holli Gritter  
Steven Groen  
Janice Groenewold  
David Groggel



Sandra Gruppen  
Frances Gunnink  
Henry Gysen  
Cynthia Haan  
Douglas Haan





"Will those suitemates ever shut that stereo off?" Phil Spoelhof tries to do physical chemistry on the second floor of Heyns.



Professor Al Plantinga shares a philosophical thought with Bill Zeistra.

what God wanted us to have?

Thus, as usual in this funny world of ours, our joys are bittersweet, our sorrows are tinged with shining silver and our analysis of life at Calvin College is plagued with perplexity. Has Calvin College been good for us or would we have been better served doing something else? Has four years of life in the sheltered locale of suburban Grand Rapids provided us with an opportunity to come to a deeper understanding of our world and our task in it or have we merely been introduced to some other worlds in which we can revel with sober-minded abandon? What is Calvin College anyway?

Perhaps, such questions are merely academic. Perhaps they are being asked with a certain cosmic urgency which is not necessary. After all, cannot an institution be many things to many different people? For, we are all different. We hail from many different places; we have experienced many different things. We come to Calvin for



R'na Hagen  
Mary Hamelink  
Janet Hanko  
Susan Harper  
Virginia Hasper



Vickie Haveman  
Sharon Heerema  
Manette Hekman  
Janice Helder  
Dick Hellinga



James Herrema  
Patricia Hicks  
Steven Hirdes  
Calvin Hoekema  
Brenda Hoekenga



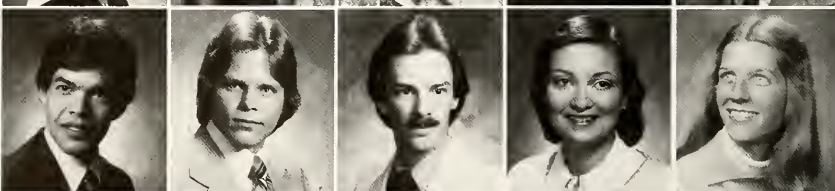
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Judy Hoekstra  
Thomas Hoekstra  
David Hoffman  
Gregory Hofman



Janice Hofman  
Lucia Hogeveen  
Larry Hohm  
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Gregory Hoogetboom



Dale Hovenkamp  
Howard Hoving  
Robert Hoving  
Rochelle Huizenga  
Jeanne Huizingh



Tim Hulst  
Arlynn Huyser  
Joan In't Hout  
Steven Ippel  
Susan Iwema







A warm, quiet, shadowy place and the not-overly-stimulating task of reviewing notes have an unsurprising effect on a studier.

many different reasons. Some of us come to Calvin to be prepared for a profession; others come to be introduced to the liberating effects of a liberal arts education. Some see Calvin as a place to get married; others see it as an opportunity to meet friends and engage in social activities. Although Calvin will not succeed in being everything to everybody, it can succeed in being a number of things to a number of people. Why must we discover every last detail of what Calvin College has done to us? We can not unravel the tangled threads of our experience at Calvin. Naturally, our feelings about Calvin College will be ambivalent, because many of the tasks which Calvin undertakes are not good for everybody although it hopes that most of them are good for most people. Perhaps, our desires that Calvin have one solid and concrete purpose and be one solid and concrete thing are the very things which are causing our reflections on our four years here to be confused. Perhaps, we can at long last understand why Calvin College is so disunified, why it is so difficult to pin down definitely, and why we hardly know sometimes the reason for our presence here.

Yet, if in fact it is true that Calvin is so many different things that it is not any one thing, then something has happened which the founders of the college probably never expected and the students who come to Calvin do not deserve. For, although professors and administrators can remain at Calvin for a long period of time, most students must soon leave the safe confines of this beautiful campus set in a rich residential area and confront the world which lurks beyond the tassel of the graduation cap. When they enter that world, they are going to need a good deal more than a college which does not know completely what it is can give them. To be sure, the graduate will have fragments of this purpose, elements of that small bit of education to help him muddle his way through life; after all, Calvin does do a number of different things well. But the sense of strong roots, the sense that here is where we stand and the sense of a unified institution which teaches a profoundly Christian world-and-life view

Bruce Jackson III  
Dawn Jackson  
Sharon Jacob  
Patricia Jansma  
Linda Jasperse



Daniel Jelsma  
Pamela Jeltema  
Rita Jensen  
Debra Johnson  
Claudette Jones



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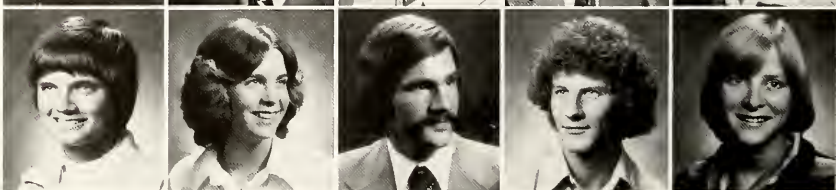
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Daniel Klaver  
Valerie Klaver  
Harold Klein  
Susan Klein



Sharon Kleinhuizen  
Greg Kiewer  
John Klompemaker  
David Kloosterman  
Jane Klyn



Bonnie Knaack  
Linda Knoper  
Fredrick Knott  
Keith Kobes  
Sonya Kobes





Paul Baker contemplates mournfully the rising cost of just about everything.



Mary Kole  
Diane Koning  
Wendy Koning  
Florence Kooiman  
Robert Kool



Betty Ann Koopmans  
Margaret Koster  
Carol Kragt  
Alan Kraker  
Beatrice Kreeft



Adrienne Krol  
Gina Kuindersma  
Gary Kuiper  
John Kuiper  
Debra Land



Michael Langeland  
Randall Laninga  
Linda Lanning  
Sheryl Lautenbach  
Kerry Ledeboer



Steven Lehr  
Jane Lixey  
Mary Lobbes  
Richard Loerop  
Beverly Lubben



Craig Lubben  
Anne Lucasse  
Kathy Luidens  
Barbara Machiela  
Karen MacMinn



Michael Madison  
Cynthia Malefyt  
Timothy Malefyt  
Dwight Maliepaard  
Louise Mantel





Fine Hasseler draws a face in the Lake Michigan sands.



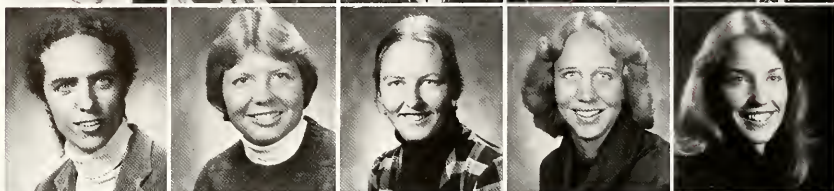
Dan Hudelson performs in the Alt-Campus Talent Night.



Patricia Marcus  
Jill Mast  
Timothy McGrath  
Beth Meetsma  
Steven Mejeur



Craig Menninga  
Nancy Meyer  
Grace Miedema  
Linda Miedema  
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Grace Monsma  
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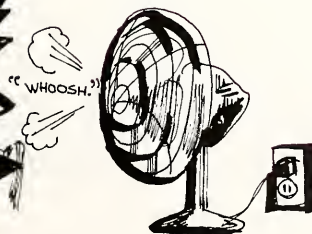
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Kenneth Offringa  
Ruth Oosterhouse  
Gregory Oppenhuizen



Cynthia Orr  
Jane Oudbier  
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Marlene Padding







are often lacking. The graduate is left wondering what Calvin has done to him and where Calvin stands on the problem of being a Christian and, consequently still wondering about the stability of those foundations on which he must rely when the world comes and beats him in the face.

So when we are sitting in an oppressive gymnasium, fanning ourselves with our tassels and meditating on the hitherto unnoticed merits of an ice cold glass of water, think also for a moment of the past four years and the future which lies ahead. Please do not get too maudlin. Graduations from college do happen only once in a lifetime and symbolic ceremonies of this sort do possess a certain ritual significance, but nostalgia will have enough time to work its mystic charms on us. Think instead of the real events of your education, of what really happened. Do not be too surprised if you discover that the mists of time have already dimmed the once vivid memories and that the past is as a mirror, darkly seen. Calvin College has done many different things to you and you will probably never be able to fathom fully what they were or what significance they had. You can only hope that somehow, someday, those disparate influences will coalesce and that they will become a firm foundation on which to build a life. Then bow your head for a moment and pray that God in his mercy will allow this hope to be realized. Then whisper softly to yourself, "Well, world, I am coming to see you. Are you ready for me? Am I ready for you?" Only time will tell.

Donna Parratt  
James Pastoor  
Jane Pastoor  
Derk Pereboom  
Robert Perks



Debbie Petroelje  
Marijke Plaisier  
James Pluymer  
Mary Jane Pories  
John Postma



Ted Postma  
Noreen Postman  
Nancy Pranger  
Raymond Prins III  
Dorothy Prinzen



Grace Prinzen  
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Jane Vander Molen



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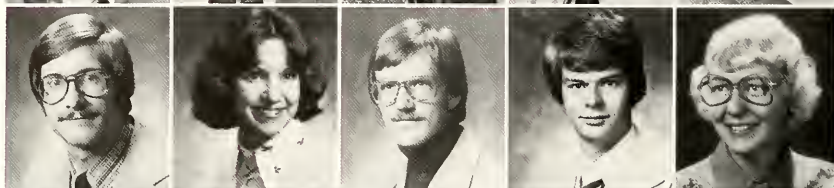
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John Alkema  
Bruce Anderson  
Stephen Anteki  
Robert Baker  
Stanley Baker  
David Beckering  
Terry Beckering  
Joy Berkompas  
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Michele Boerman  
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Rolf Bouma  
Marlene Branius  
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Connie De Haan  
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Judith De Jong  
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Yvonne Delamar  
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Essendelft  
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Susan Woolpert  
Douglas Zimmerman  
David Zwiap

One of the most frustrating aspects  
of making a yearbook  
is that horrible feeling  
that the year is bigger than the book.

Life, with its unaffected joys  
and annoying frustrations,  
is often difficult to construe.  
Can we really claim to capture  
the life of an institution  
in a few words and pictures?



A student searches through his Volkswagen trunk.



Liz Swanson delivered her son Jeremy midway through Interim.



Two "studiers" in the Library are caught in the act.



Jane Hasseler digs out after the late January blizzard.



Zeeba the Great Dane sacks out after a huge dinner. Chuck Fondse is his owner.



Perhaps that is how it should be.  
Calvin College is a place,  
an island if you will,  
populated with many different kinds  
of phenomena.



Calvin students try out for the All-Campus Talent Night.



Beth Willemstein participates in a Psychology Department test.



Chimes and coffee — what is going on and what keeps us going.



He stands with his feet in the sand.

Window washers bring clarity and more light to  
Science Building halls.



To be sure,  
the Calvin Community does possess  
at least one distinguishing characteristic,  
its Christian commitment,  
but the content of that commitment  
is not the same for everyone.  
Calvin is no longer the small  
tightly controlled,  
culturally homogeneous institution  
it once was.  
To request that an entire college  
be encapsulated in 192 pages  
would be unrealistic  
and even undesirable.



A Holland woman poses for her portrait.



The Driesenga family hails from the East Holland area.



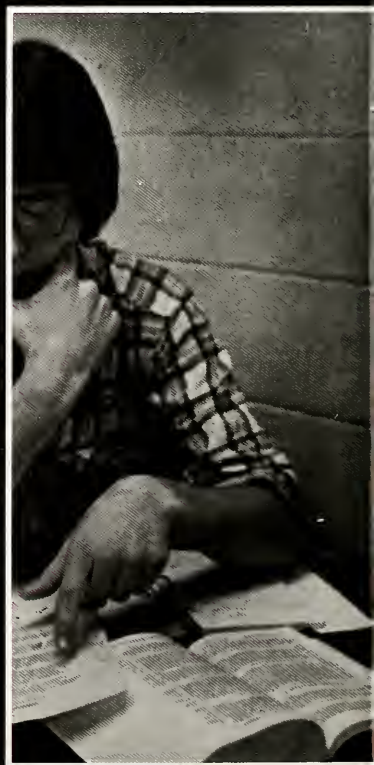


Kim-Huyen and Lan Nguyen, who are roommates, often attend basketball games together.



Thus, while we certainly hope  
that our book has deepened  
your understanding of this thing  
we call Calvin College,  
we also hope  
that it has given you a chance  
to think for yourself  
about the whole of Calvin  
and what it means to you.

Socrates once said  
that the unexamined life  
is not worth living.  
We pray that,  
with God's help,  
you will continue the examination,  
now that we must end.







We all are seeking answers to our questions.



Jane Hasseler stops to think for a moment.

Scott Melby uses a guide sheet and two Bibles to study the Word.



# Prism credits

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Steve Krossschell

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Pam Naber

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Phil Spoelhof

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Carl Eizenga — 10-11 (1), 18, 107, 114-115 (6), 142 (2), 145



The *Prism* Office is in the upstairs of the old farmhouse across from the Burton Street entrance to the college. The location is rather isolated: even the College Center cannot be seen for the trees. But what other student organization has a stove, a refrigerator, two sinks, a bathtub, and in the front yard a swing (which Kim Adams and Dale Jeltema are using)?

Laura Groot — 63, 65, 66 (2), 67, 80, 88, 124, 131, 163, 175, 184, 185 (3), 191

Dale Jeltema — 56 (4), 58 (2), 59 (2), 60 (2), 70-71 (3), 77 (2), 79, 80, 81, 84 (2), 86, 87, 89, 110, 127, 140-141 (2), 149, 184

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Pete Velders — 85, 107, 140, 160

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Greg Lidstone — 36, 48, 90-91, 109, 155

Ruth Van Baak — cover, 2-3, 11, 16-17, 38-39, 53, 74-75, 86-87, 92-93, 158-159, 177

Valerae Vander Weide — 73

## Layout

Kimberly Adams, Lori Noel  
also Nancy Ebberts, Heidi Prince

## Typing

Aileen Martinez

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Dale Jeltema, for shooting more cheesecake pictures than we could possibly use

Steve Krossschell, for falling ill during two of the four deadlines

Dean Charles Miller, for being our constructive critic and sometime peacemaker

Dean William Stob, for worrying about the content of the yearbook, the deteriorating condition of the condemned *Prism* Office, and our physical and spiritual well-being

Mr. Robert Talsma, Taylor Publishing Company representative, for being such a warm-hearted, patient, and generous human being and also for helping us on the yearbook

Howard Van Till, our mentor, for faithfully coming up each deadline eve to censor us (although he never seemed to find anything to censor)

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1978





TIMMERMAN

# Promises To Keep

A CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF CALVIN COLLEGE

EERDMANS  
XX and XX  
CALVIN COLLEGE

THE CLOCKWORK IMAGE MACKAY — IVP

B

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

ANTHONY BURGESS

345 02674 1 125



Roth Van Baake '97